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ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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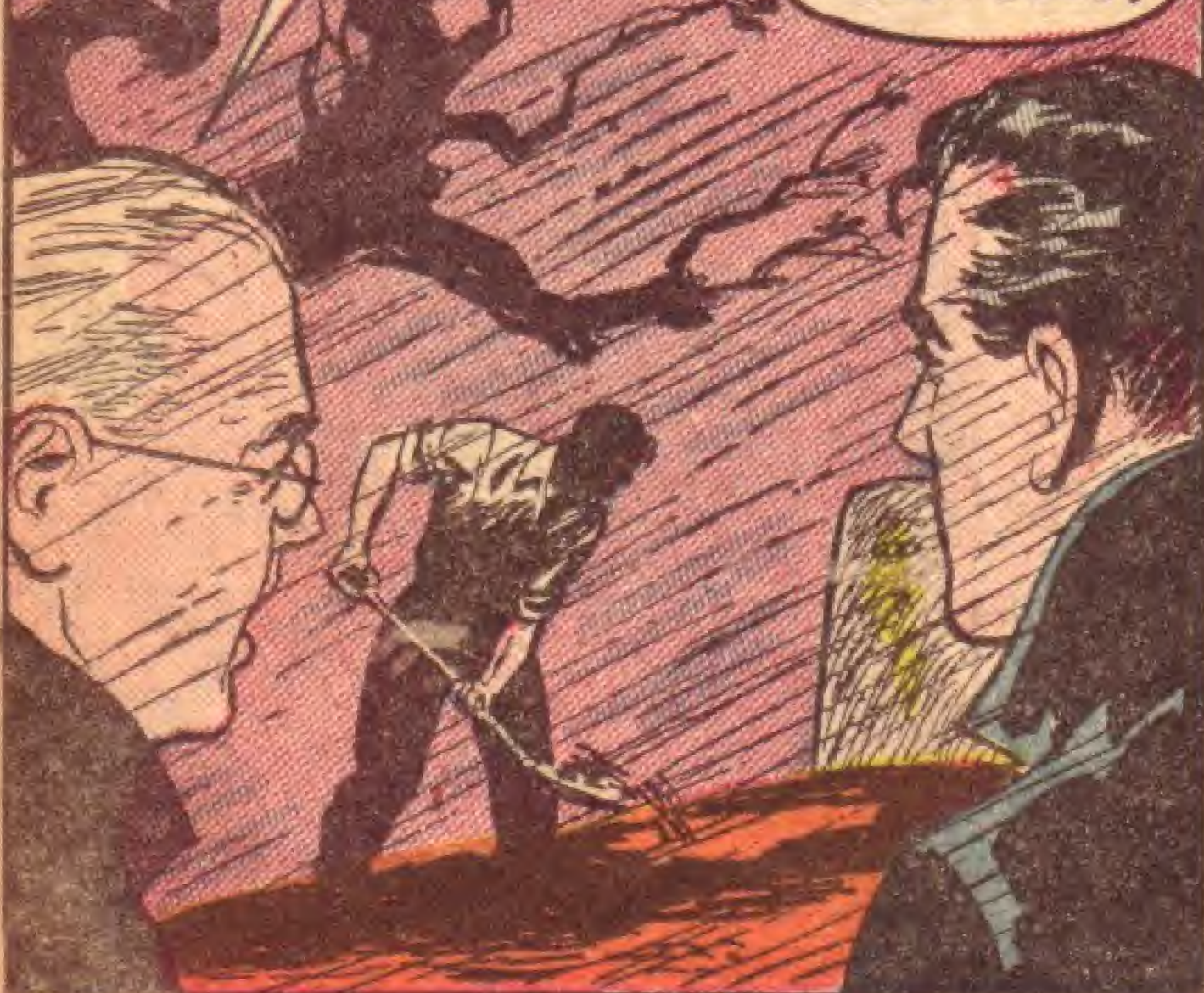
Invasion OF THE GHOST-MONSTERS

A GRAVEYARD IS USUALLY CONSIDERED TO BE A MAN'S FINAL RESTING PLACE... BUT TO SATANICAL OLD SILAS INWOOD, IT WAS ONLY A TEMPORARY WAY-STATION IN A DEMONIACAL AFTER-LIFE! AND WHEN HE WAS RESURRECTED, THERE AROSE WITH HIM A GHOULISH GALAXY OF FACT THE LEGENDARY FIENDS OF FACT AND FICTION... IN AN INVASION OF THE GHOST-MONSTERS!

THIS IS EERIE, MR. HAWES... NOT A MOURNER AT MY GRAND-FATHER'S FUNERAL BUT US!

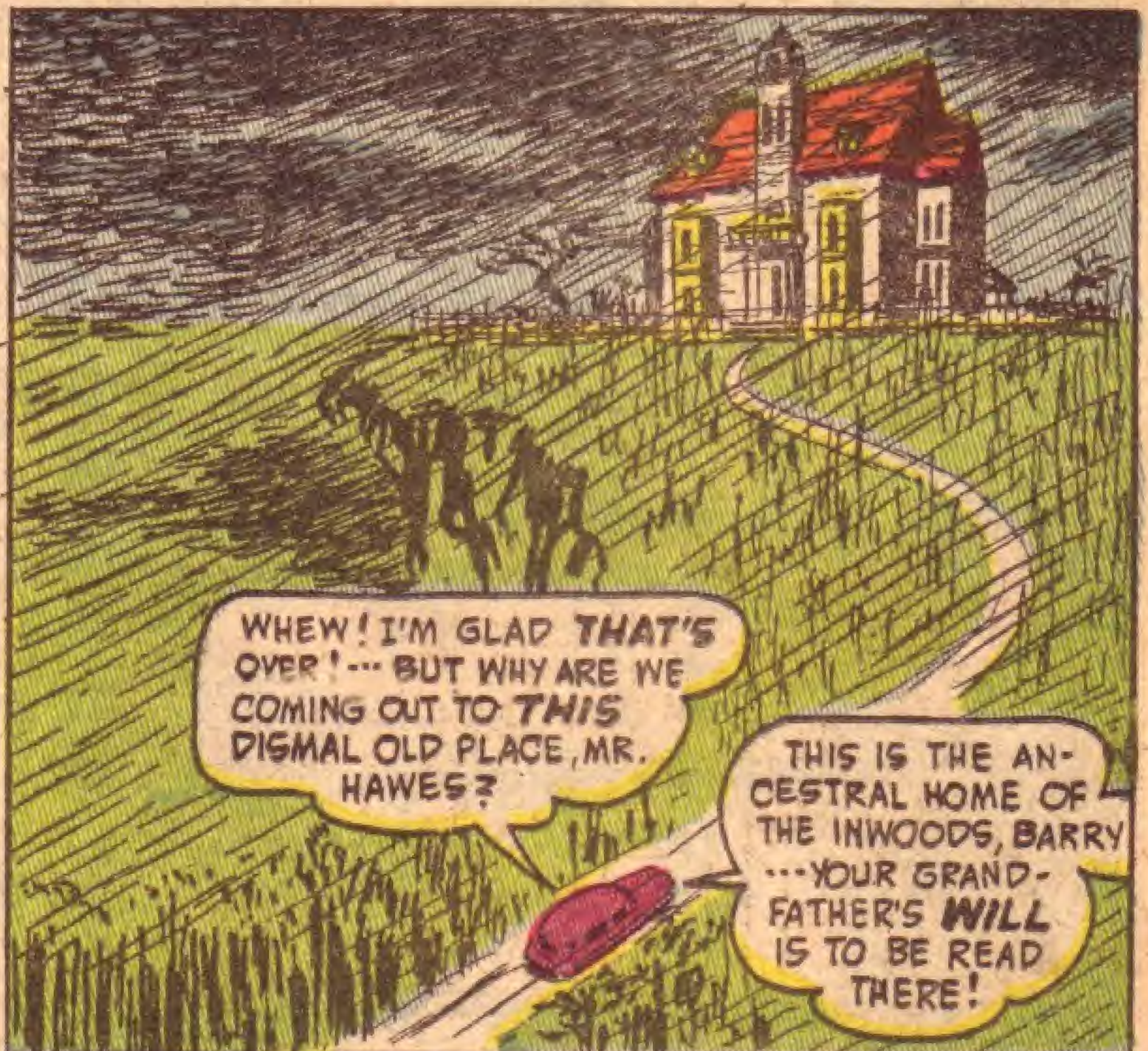


SILAS INWOOD WAS A **STRANGE MAN**, BARRY! FOR TWENTY YEARS HE SPOKE TO NO ONE BUT ME... AND IF NOT FOR MY LAWYER'S CODE, I COULD TELL YOU THINGS ABOUT HIM THAT WOULD HARROW YOUR SOUL!



WHEW! I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER!... BUT WHY ARE WE COMING OUT TO THIS DISMAL OLD PLACE, MR. HAWES?

THIS IS THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE INWOODS, BARRY... YOUR GRAND-FATHER'S **WILL** IS TO BE READ THERE!





GOSH, WHAT A LIBRARY!
THE OLD BOY MUST HAVE
BEEN A REGULAR BOOK-
WORM!

BOOKS WERE HIS LIFE!
BUT COME...IT'S TIME TO
READ THE WILL!



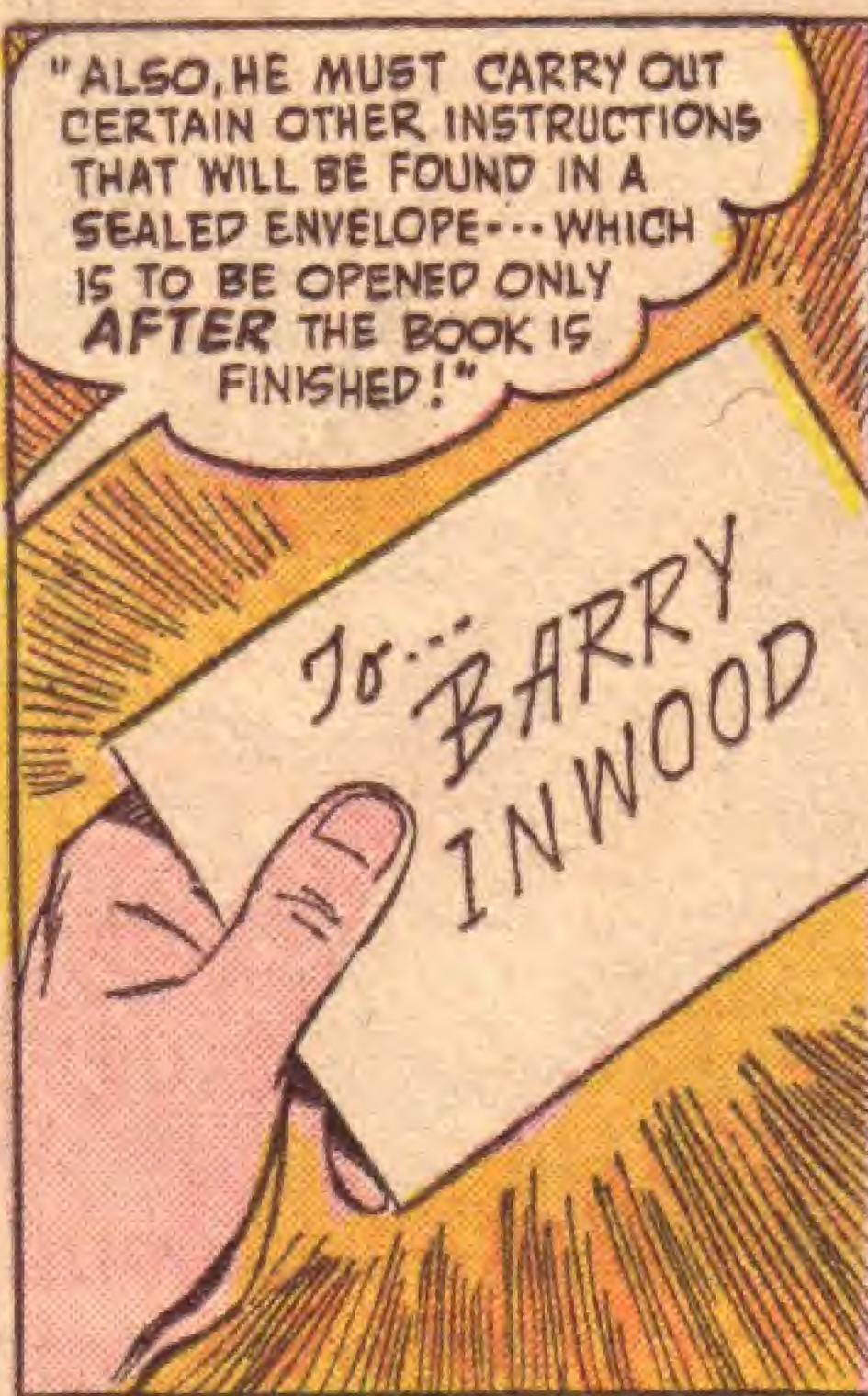
IT WAS A STRANGE WILL...THE WILL OF A HARMLESS
OLD RECLUSE...OR A MADMAN!

...AND TO MY ONLY LIVING RELATIVE,
BARRY INWOOD, I LEAVE THIS HOUSE
AND MY PRECIOUS LIBRARY! BUT...
THERE ARE CONDITIONS...

CONDITIONS?
WHAT
CONDITIONS?



"BARRY MUST WRITE MY
BIOGRAPHY...THE COMPLETE
STORY OF MY LIFE! THEN HE MUST
PUBLISH IT AND PLACE A COPY OF
THE BOOK IN THIS LIBRARY!"



"ALSO, HE MUST CARRY OUT
CERTAIN OTHER INSTRUCTIONS
THAT WILL BE FOUND IN A
SEALED ENVELOPE...WHICH
IS TO BE OPENED ONLY
AFTER THE BOOK IS
FINISHED!"



SO THAT'S WHY GRANDFATHER PAID
MY WAY THROUGH JOURNALISM SCHOOL!
HE MUST HAVE PLANNED THIS FOR
YEARS! BUT...WHY?



YOU WILL GET ALL THE
INFORMATION YOU NEED
ABOUT SILAS' LIFE FROM
THESE OLD DIARIES...
EVEN I HAVE NOT
READ THEM!

THANKS, MR. HAWES...I GUESS
I MIGHT AS WELL GET STARTED!
I'LL FULFILL THE CONDITIONS
OF THE WILL...BECAUSE I'LL
NEED THIS HOUSE TO LIVE IN
WHEN I MARRY MY FIANCEE!

ALL UN-
MINDFUL OF
IMPENDING
TRAGEDY,
BARRY
CALLED IN
A WILLING
HELPER...

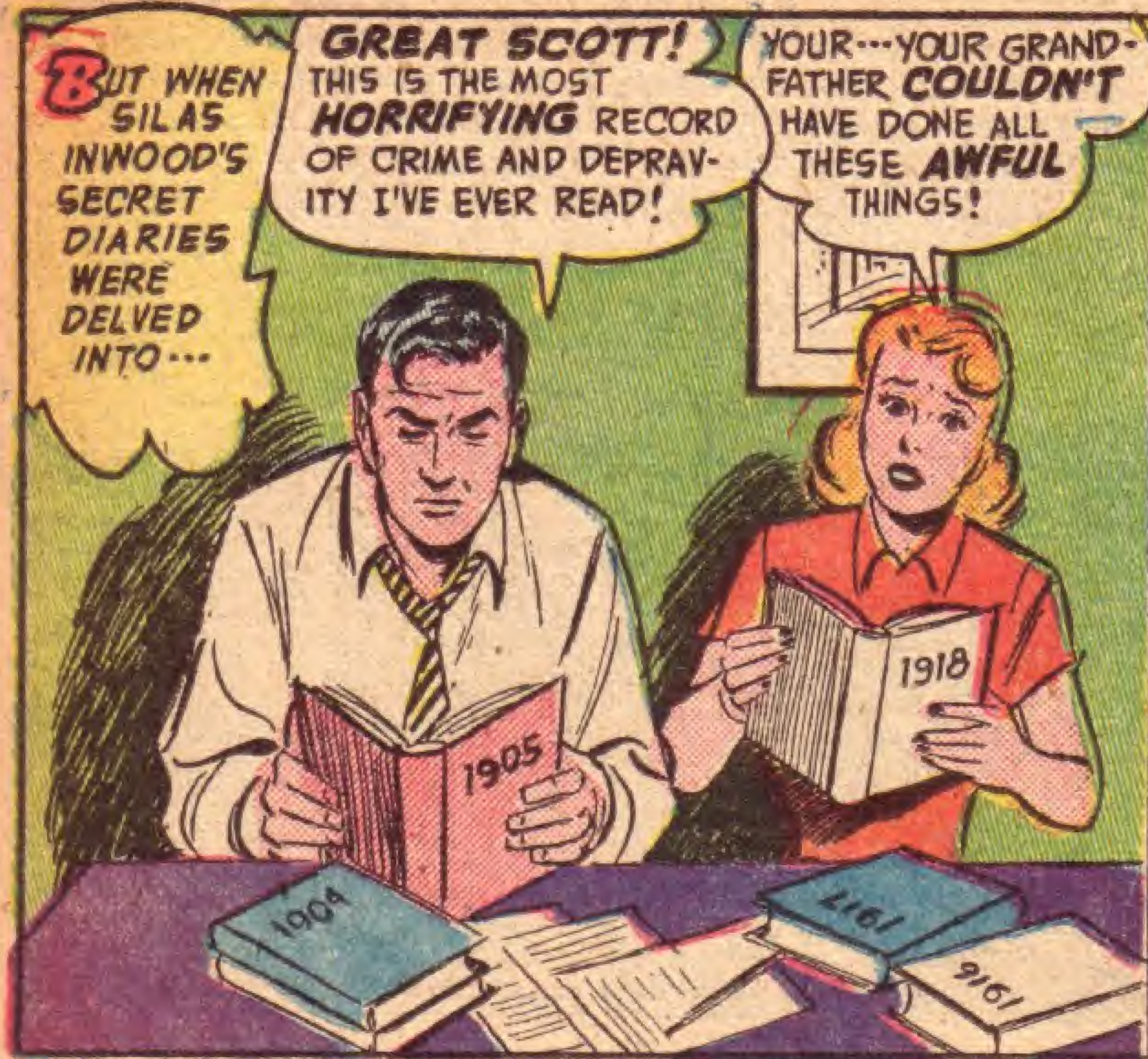
LAST
WILL
AND
TESTA-
MENT



TELEPHONE

HELLO, FAY! I'VE
A JOB TO DO...
HOW ABOUT HELP-
ING ME WITH SOME
RESEARCH?

AS YOUR PART-
TIME SECRETARY
AND FULL-TIME
FIANCEE, WHAT
ELSE CAN I DO?
...I'LL BE THERE!



BUT WHEN SILAS INWOOD'S SECRET DIARIES WERE DELVED INTO...

GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS THE MOST **HORRIFYING** RECORD OF CRIME AND DEPRAVITY I'VE EVER READ!

YOUR...YOUR GRAND-FATHER **COULDN'T** HAVE DONE ALL THESE **AWFUL** THINGS!



AFTER MONTHS OF WRITING THE BIOGRAPHY OF SILAS INWOOD, BASED ON THE INCREDIBLE DIARIES...

I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY ALL THE REPUTABLE PUBLISHERS WOULDN'T DARE PRINT YOUR BOOK, BARRY, EVEN THOUGH THEY ALL SAID IT WAS BRILLIANTLY WRITTEN... BUT I'M STILL AMAZED THAT YOU FOUND A PRIVATE PRINTER WILLING TO TURN OUT EVEN A **SINGLE** COPY OF "**THE LIFE OF SILAS INWOOD**"!

WELL, WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH WITH THIS UGLY BUSINESS... ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS PUT THE BOOK IN GRAND-FATHER'S LIBRARY... AND FIND OUT WHAT'S IN THE **MYSTERIOUS ENVELOPE!**



BACK AT THE INWOOD MANSION...

THERE!...NOW TO OPEN THE ENVELOPE!

THIS...THIS IS **RIDICULOUS!** THE OLD MAN MUST HAVE BEEN **INSANE!**

OF **COURSE**, HE WAS! BUT WE'D BETTER FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS ANYWAY... IF WE WANT TO FULFILL THE CONDITIONS OF THE WILL AND GET THE HOUSE!

...YES, THEY FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS... EVEN TO THE ROARING FIRE, THE BOILING CAULDRON, AND...

...AND NOW THIS STRANGE HERB GRANDFATHER HAD HIDDEN IN THE CELLAR!



FINALLY, THE READING OF A MARKED PASSAGE IN A MUSTY, ANCIENT BOOK OF WITCHCRAFT...

WELL, HERE GOES... "O YE WHO LIVE ON IN BOOKS... I BID YE RISE IN THE NAME OF KURDOK THE MIGHTY! RISE, SILAS INWOOD!"

BARRY! THE **SMOKE**... IT'S TAKING ON THE SHAPE OF... A **MAN!**

IT...IT **CAN'T** BE REAL! IT'S JUST A HYPNOTIC ILLUSION CAUSED BY THE STRAIN... JUST NERVES!



THEN, AS THE SMOKE TAKES ON
SUBSTANCE...

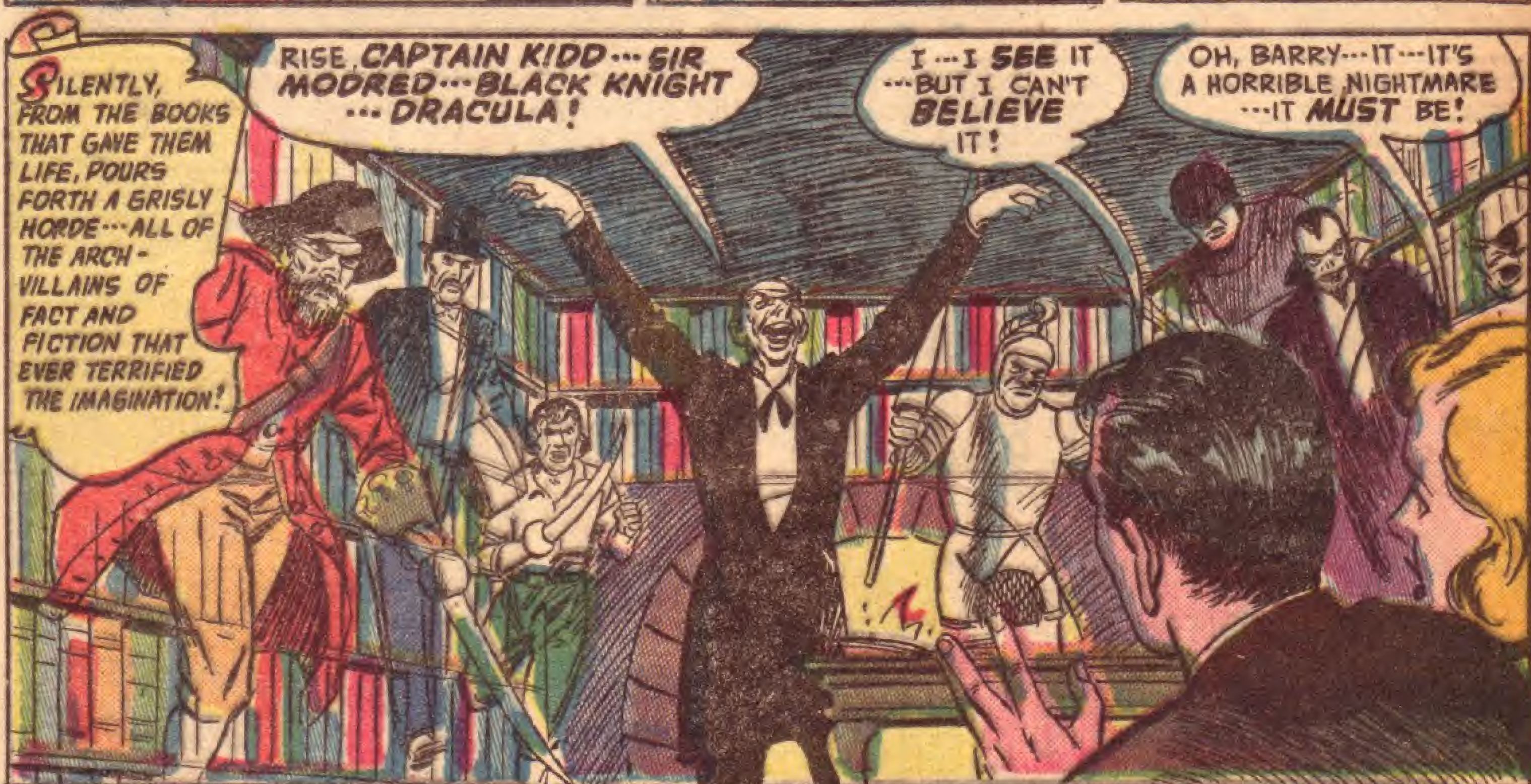
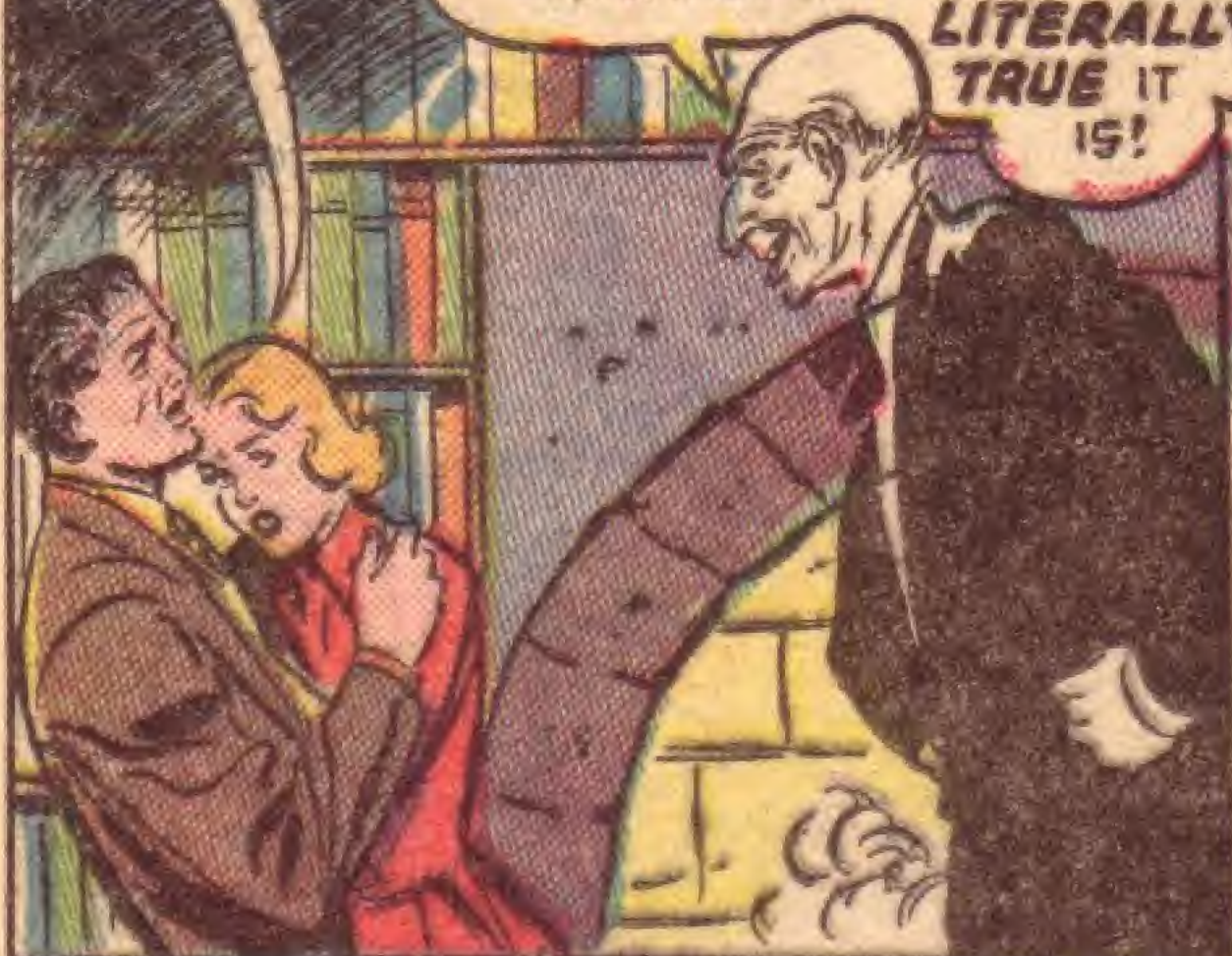
GRANDFATHER!
BUT...THIS IS
IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU'RE
DEAD!

I WAS, BARRY...
UNTIL YOU WROTE A
BRILLIANT BOOK...
A CLASSIC! WHEN
PEOPLE SAY THAT CHARACTERS
IN THE CLASSICS LIVE ON FOR-
EVER, THEY DON'T KNOW HOW
LITERALLY
TRUE IT
IS!

ALL IT TAKES IS A BIT OF BLACK
MAGIC AND THE CORRECT IN-
CANTATION...AND THOSE FICTIONAL
AND LEGENDARY CHARACTERS
WHO LIVE ON IN BOOKS CAN BE
BROUGHT TO LIFE! AND NOW,
FOR BRINGING ME BACK
FROM THE NETHER REGIONS, I
WILL MAKE YOU AN **EMPEROR**
...WHILE I...I SHALL BE **MASTER
OF THE WORLD!**
--WATCH!

--THE BOOK OF WITCHCRAFT
...A MYSTIC INCANTATION...A
SCENE OF MEDIEVAL
WIZARDRY...!

"O YE WHO LIVE
ON IN BOOKS...I BID
YE RISE IN THE NAME OF
KURDOK THE MIGHTY!"
RISE, BLUEBEARD...
**RISE, JACK
THE RIPPER...**



RISE, CAPTAIN KIDD...SIR
MODRED...BLACK KNIGHT
...DRACULA!

I...I SEE IT
...BUT I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!

OH, BARRY...IT...IT'S
A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE
...IT MUST BE!

SILENTLY,
FROM THE BOOKS
THAT GAVE THEM
LIFE, POURS
FORTH A GRISLY
HORDE...ALL OF
THE ARCH-
VILLAINS OF
FACT AND
FICTION THAT
EVER TERRIFIED
THE IMAGINATION!

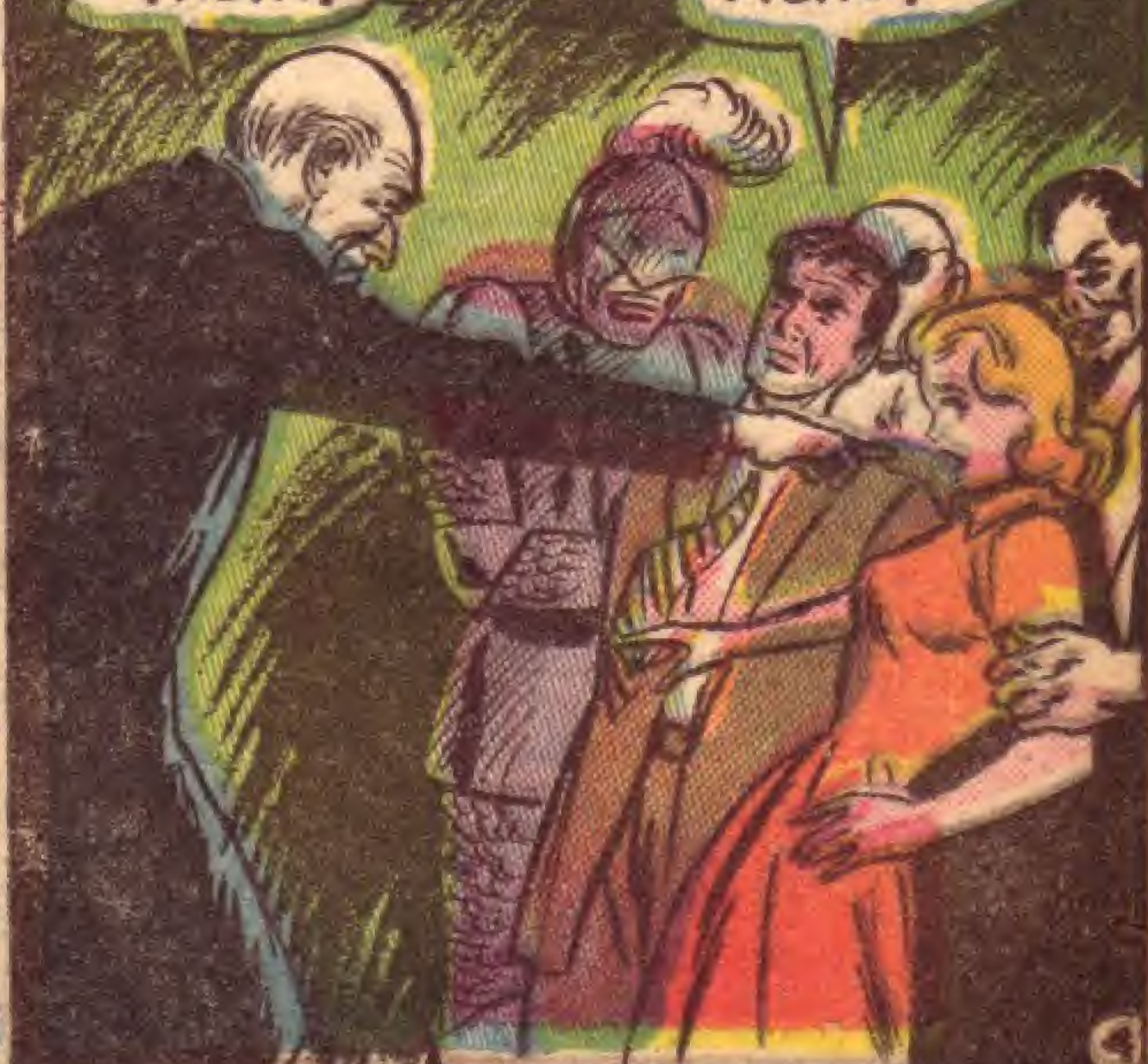
WITH THE
FRIGHTFUL HOST
FINALLY
ASSEMBLED...

WITH THIS INDESTRUCTIBLE
ARMY OF EVIL, WE CAN
CONQUER THE WORLD!
ARE YOU WITH ME,
MY BOY?

IF...IF ALL THIS
IS REAL...THEN
MY ANSWER IS
NO!

THEN I MUST PLACE
YOU WHERE YOU CAN'T
INTERFERE! SEIZE
THEM!

YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY WITH
THIS, YOU OLD
FIEND!





DOWN IN THE CLAMMY, DUNGEON-LIKE CELLAR OF THE INWOOD MANSION...

WHILE THE REST OF US GO FORTH TO CONQUER THE WORLD, YOU... **DRACULA** ...WILL GUARD THE PRISONERS!

IT WILL BE A **PLEASURE, MASTER!**

FAREWELL, MY FOOLISH FRIENDS... WHEN NEXT YOU SEE THE OUTSIDE WORLD, IT WILL BE MINE... **ALL MINE!**

OH, BARRY... **WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?**



WHAT, INDEED, FAY? YOU COULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED!

HEAR ME, O **LEGION OF GHOST-MONSTERS**...WE NOW INVADE THIS PUNY WORLD OF MORTALS! YOU ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO... **DESTROY AND KILL!**

AS THE INCREDIBLE HORDE BEGINS ITS MARCH TOWARD WORLD CONQUEST, THE GHOSTLY VILLAINS DOUBLE THEIR SIZES WITH EVERY STEP!



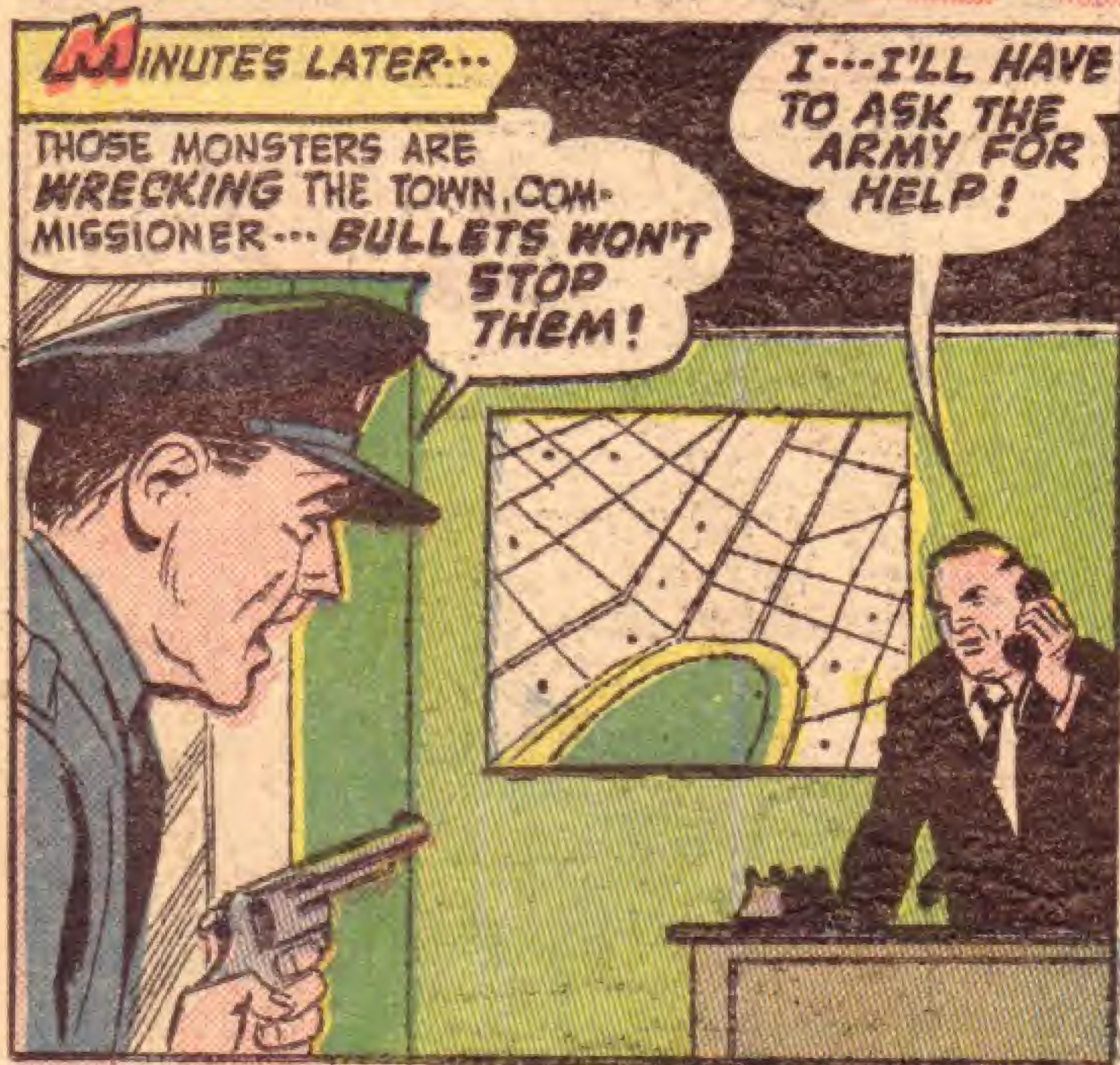
YE GODS! THOSE... THOSE MONSTERS...!

CRASH!



JOE...D'YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

ULP! I DO! CALL HEADQUARTERS... QUICK!





MEANWHILE,
BACK IN THE
INWOOD
MANSION...

HA! WHAT GOOD FORTUNE
TO FIND SUCH A LOVELY
VICTIM ...SO SOON!

KEEP
BACK, YOU
FOUL
FIEND!



BUT WHAT GOOD IS MORTAL COURAGE AGAINST THE
POWER OF THE BLACKEST MAGIC?

BARRY...
HELP!

ASIDE, PUNY
HUMAN! SHE
IS MINE!

WHAM!



I...I'M HELPLESS
AGAINST HIS SUPER-
NATURAL POWERS!
WAIT...THOSE CROSS-
ED SWORDS!

FEVERISHLY
BREAKING
THE BLADE
OF ONE
OF THE
SWORDS,
BARRY
ADVANCES
WITH THE
ONE SYMBOL
THAT NO
SATANICAL
FIEND
CAN WITH-
STAND!



OH, BARRY...HE'S
DISAPPEAR-
ING!

THE...THE SIGN! MY
STRENGTH IS EBBING...
BACK...I MUST GO
BACK!



HE'S GONE! NOW WE'VE
GOT WORK TO DO...COME
ON!

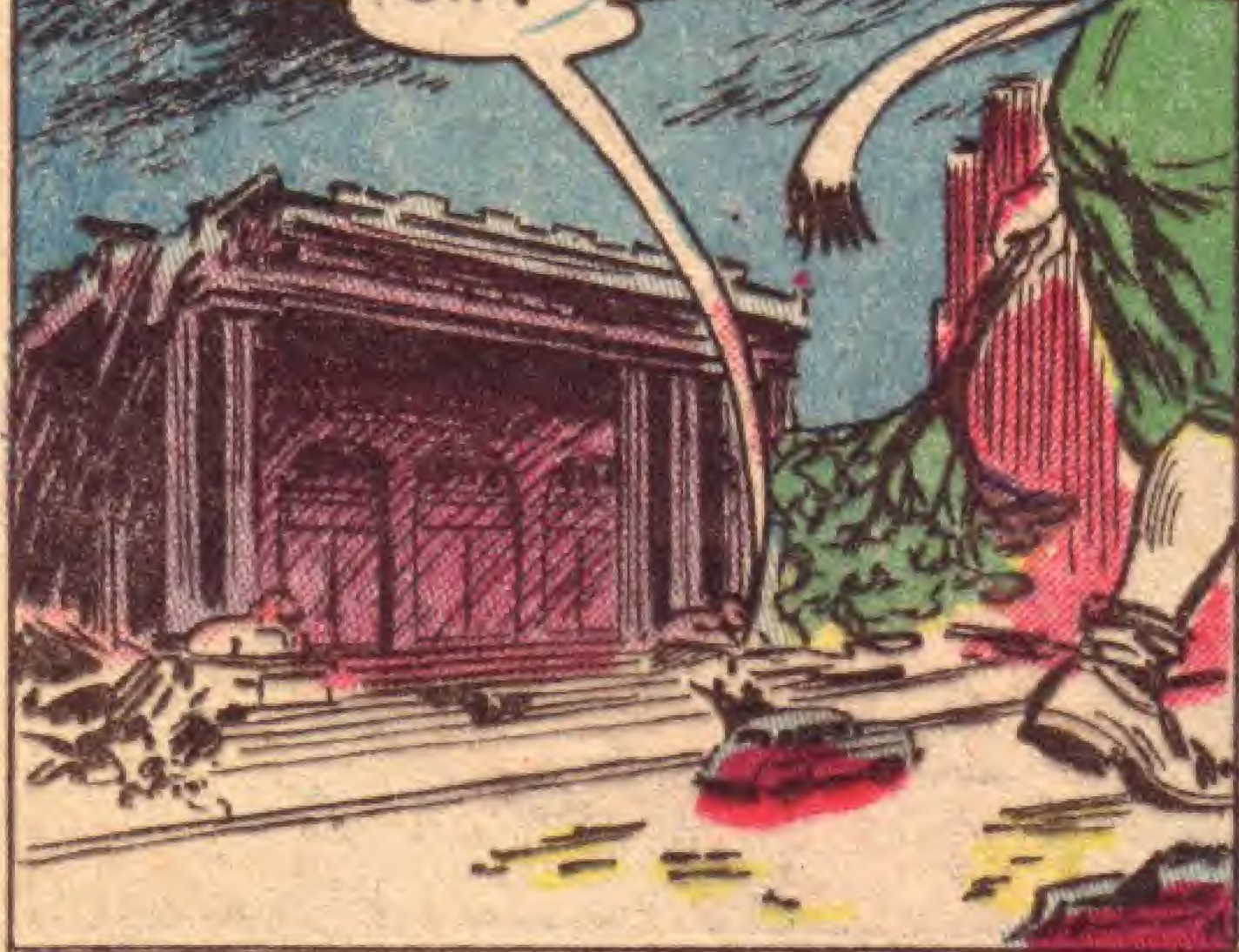
BUT BARRY...WHAT CAN WE
DO AGAINST THE REST OF
THOSE AWFUL GHOST-MONSTERS?
THEY MUST BE ALL OVER THE
CITY BY NOW!



I'VE GOT A PLAN! IF OLD
SILAS COULD HAVE SUMMONED
ALL THE VILLAINS OF LITERATURE
FROM THE WORLD OF BOOKS BY
RECITING A SORCERER'S IN-
CANTATION, THEN I CAN USE THE
SAME INCANTATION TO SUMMON
ALL THE GREAT HEROES OF
LITERATURE!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE WRECKED TOWN---

WE'RE IN LUCK...THEY
HAVEN'T COMPLETELY
DESTROYED THE PUBLIC
LIBRARY YET! COME
ON!



I THINK I REMEMBER THE
INCANTATION... "O YE WHO
LIVE ON IN BOOKS, I BID
YE RISE IN THE NAME
OF KURDOK THE MIGHTY!
RISE, IVANHOE! RISE,
SIR LANCELOT!



AND LO!...
FROM THE
BATTERED
SHELVES STEP
FORTH ALL
THE NOBLE
HEROES
OF THE
GREAT
CLASSICS!

RISE, DON QUIXOTE...
PAUL BUNYAN...
ULYSSES...ROBIN
HOOD!

OH, BARRY
-- IT
WORKED!



AS SOON AS BARRY INFORMS THE HEROES
THAT THEIR AGE-OLD ADVERSARIES OF EVIL ARE
LOOSE IN THE WORLD---

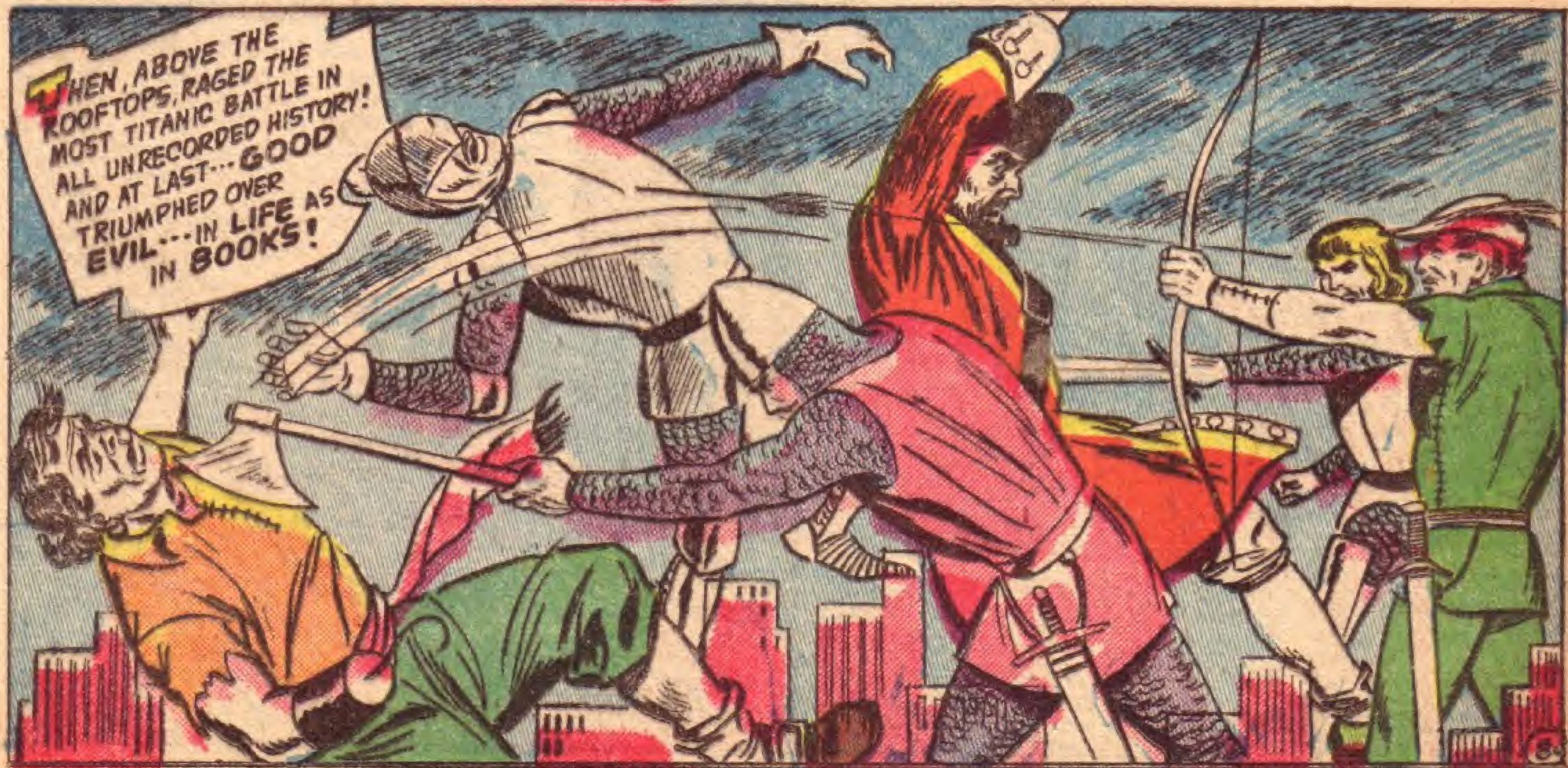
TO
BATTLE!

DEATH
TO OUR
FOES!

DESTROY
THE
FORCES
OF
EVIL!



THEN, ABOVE THE
ROOFTOPS, RAGED THE
MOST TITANIC BATTLE IN
ALL UNRECORDED HISTORY!
AND AT LAST... GOOD
TRIUMPHED OVER
EVIL... IN LIFE AS
IN BOOKS!



WITH THE BATTLE WON, THE HEROES OF LITERATURE RETURN TO THEIR BOOKS...WHILE FAY AND BARRY SPEED BACK TO THE INWOOD MANSION! BUT THERE...

BLAST YOU---SO YOU'VE OUTWITTED ME, EH? FOR THAT YOU **DIE!**

OH, BARRY... WE FORGOT ABOUT HIM!



WE---WE'RE **DOOMED!** THERE'S NO ONE IN SILAS'S BIOGRAPHY WHO CAN DEFEAT HIM!

OH, YES THERE IS!...**"RISE, GRANDMA!"**



AND OUT OF THE LIBRARY EMERGES THE ONE GHOST WHO CAN CONTROL SILAS INWOOD---THE ONLY ONE HE HAS EVER TERRIFIED OF---IN DEATH AS IN LIFE!

SILAS INWOOD!...YOU COME RIGHT INSIDE THIS **INSTANT**, D'YOU HEAR?

MARTHA! N---NO!



NOW GET BACK IN THERE AND STOP THIS NONSENSE! YOU'RE **DEAD**---YOU DON'T BELONG IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING! JUST **WAIT** TILL I GET YOU BACK WHERE YOU **DO** BELONG---

OWW! MY---MY **EAR!** MARTHA---PLEASE---



THEY'RE **BOTH** BACK WHERE THEY BELONG NOW! AND WHEN THIS BOOK ON WITCHCRAFT GOES UP IN FLAMES, **NO ONE** WILL EVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO SUMMON UP SILAS OR ANY OF THE FIENDISH VILLAINS OF LITERATURE!

THERE'S ONE THING YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S POWER OVER SILAS SHOULD HAVE TAUGHT YOU, DARLING---NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A **WOMAN!**

YES---OR OF A BIT OF **BLACK MAGIC!**



CORPSE'S REVENGE

THE CORPSE OF Ethan Welles lay in the open coffin, fully dressed in black, and the lighted candles spread around the room cast flickering shadows over the dead face that seemed anything but at peace. And as the relatives of the dead man came into the house from the rainy streets to pay their respects one by one, each of them paused in his sorrowful thoughts to marvel at the tense, grim expression on the death-cold face...an expression which the most expert morticians in the city had striven in vain to soften or erase.

After all the relatives had walked past the body with bowed heads, they all assembled in the next room to await the arrival of the hearse and the funeral cars that would take them to the cemetery. The conversation was a morbid one, as was to be expected...and every now and then, one of the more emotional relatives would sob out, "But *why* was he murdered...who could have stabbed him so cold-bloodedly?"

Each time the question was asked, no one answered...but each one thought instantly, bitterly, of Halbert Welles, the profligate elder son of the deceased, who stood to inherit the bulk of Ethan Welles' vast fortune. Halbert was the black sheep of the family, a ne'er-do-well who spent all his time in carousing and gambling. But his father had blindly stuck to his belief that Halbert merely needed the responsibility of great wealth to settle down...and so had steadfastly refused to alter the terms of his will that gave the elder son more than three-fourths of the family millions.

No one, of course, could be certain that Halbert had committed patricide. The police, without any concrete evidence against Halbert, had released him...even though their investigations had revealed that he had amassed such a huge gambling debt that only an immediate inheritance of his father's fortune could have saved him from being taken for a one-way

ride by the vengeful gamblers who were his creditors.

But in the eyes of the other members of the Welles family, the surest sign of Halbert's guilt was that he hadn't even bothered showing up for the wake to pay his last respects to the father who had had such faith in him.

"I never credited Halbert with having a conscience," old Jeremiah Welles suddenly muttered broodingly, "but it can only be his guilty conscience that's keeping him away now!"

It was then that Abigail Welles, peering out the window toward the rain-swept street, said suddenly, "No, he *doesn't* have a conscience...for here he comes up the steps now!"

"I forbid anyone to go to greet him," growled Jeremiah. "Let him know the full weight of our suspicions."

All sat in the room tensely, listening to the front door opening. But one minute passed...two...three...and still they heard no sound of the door closing. After five minutes had passed, Jeremiah Welles arose and strode grimly to the door of the parlor, saying, "He's probably drunk again...must have collapsed on the stoop before he could even get inside."

The others all followed Jeremiah...and all gasped as they saw the crumpled body lying in the open doorway, half inside the house and half lying on the wet stoop outside. Jeremiah bent over the body, turned it over...and there was a collective gasp of horror as all saw the expression of terror and agony on the dead, slightly blue face.

"Strangled!" Jeremiah said incredulously. "But who...?"

"Look!" cried Abigail. "Look at the soles of Ethan's shoes! They...they're wet...as if he'd just walked out onto the wet stoop!"

All turned to look at the corpse in the coffin...and stared in awe as their eyes went from the wet shoes to the now peaceful, smiling face of the dead man.

SHIP of DEATH



THE **S.S. NEPTUNE** WAS JUST AN ORDINARY FREIGHTER, COMMANDED BY A TYPICAL HARD-FISTED SKIPPER-- OR SO FIRST MATE GEORGE PROCTOR **THOUGHT** WHEN HE SHIPPED ABOARD HER! BUT HE WAS SOON TO LEARN THAT CAPTAIN KROCK'S WARPED BRAIN HAD DEVISED A DIABOLICAL PLAN TO BRING DOWN A REIGN OF WEIRD TERROR ON THE **NEPTUNE** AND TURN IT INTO A **SHIP OF DEATH**!

ALL DURING THE VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK, FIRST MATE GEORGE PROCTOR HAD BEEN AWARE OF THE MUTTERING AND UNREST ON THE PART OF THE CREW! THE **S.S. NEPTUNE** HAD BARELY DOCKED AT THE WEST INDIES PORT OF SAN CARLOS WHEN THE COMPLAINTS FLARED INTO THE OPEN!

EITHER WE GET BETTER TREATMENT-- OR WE'RE **STRIKIN'!**

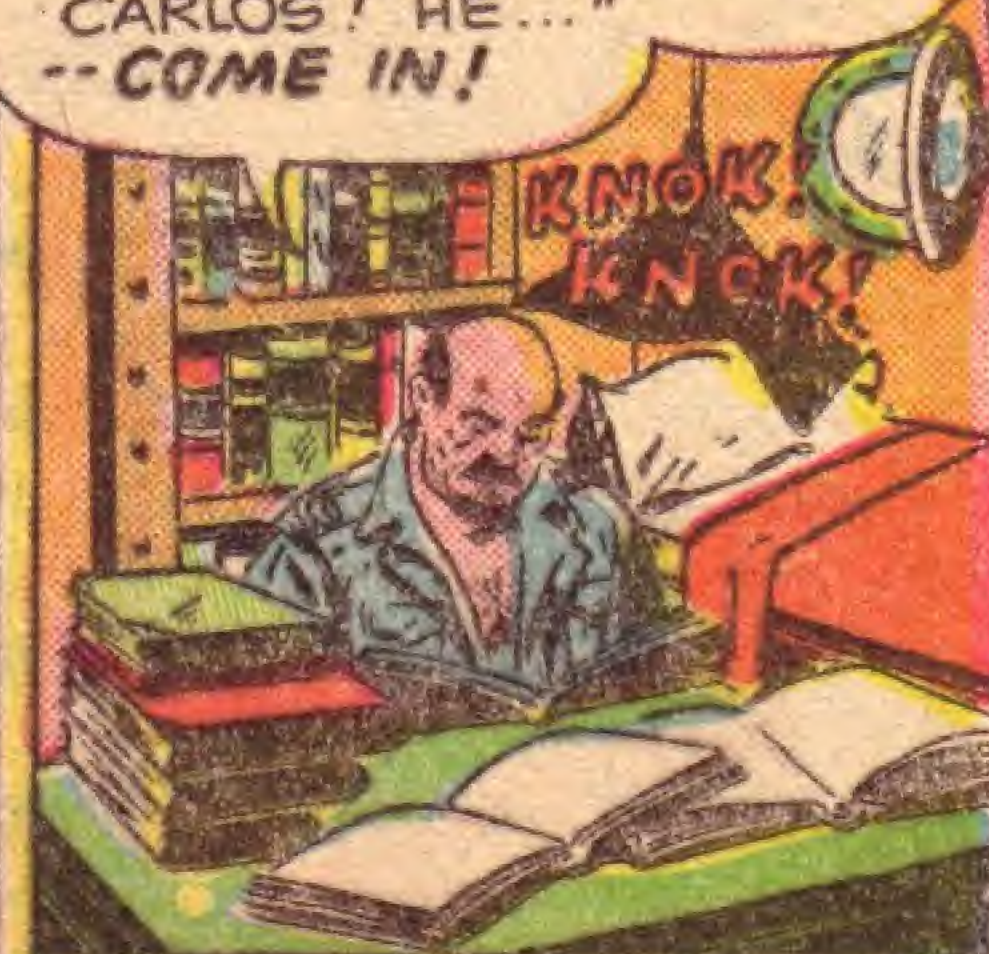
CALL THE SKIPPER, MATE-- WE WANT TO TALK TO HIM! HE'S PROBABLY IN HIS CABIN, READIN' THEM SPOOKY BOOKS OF HIS!

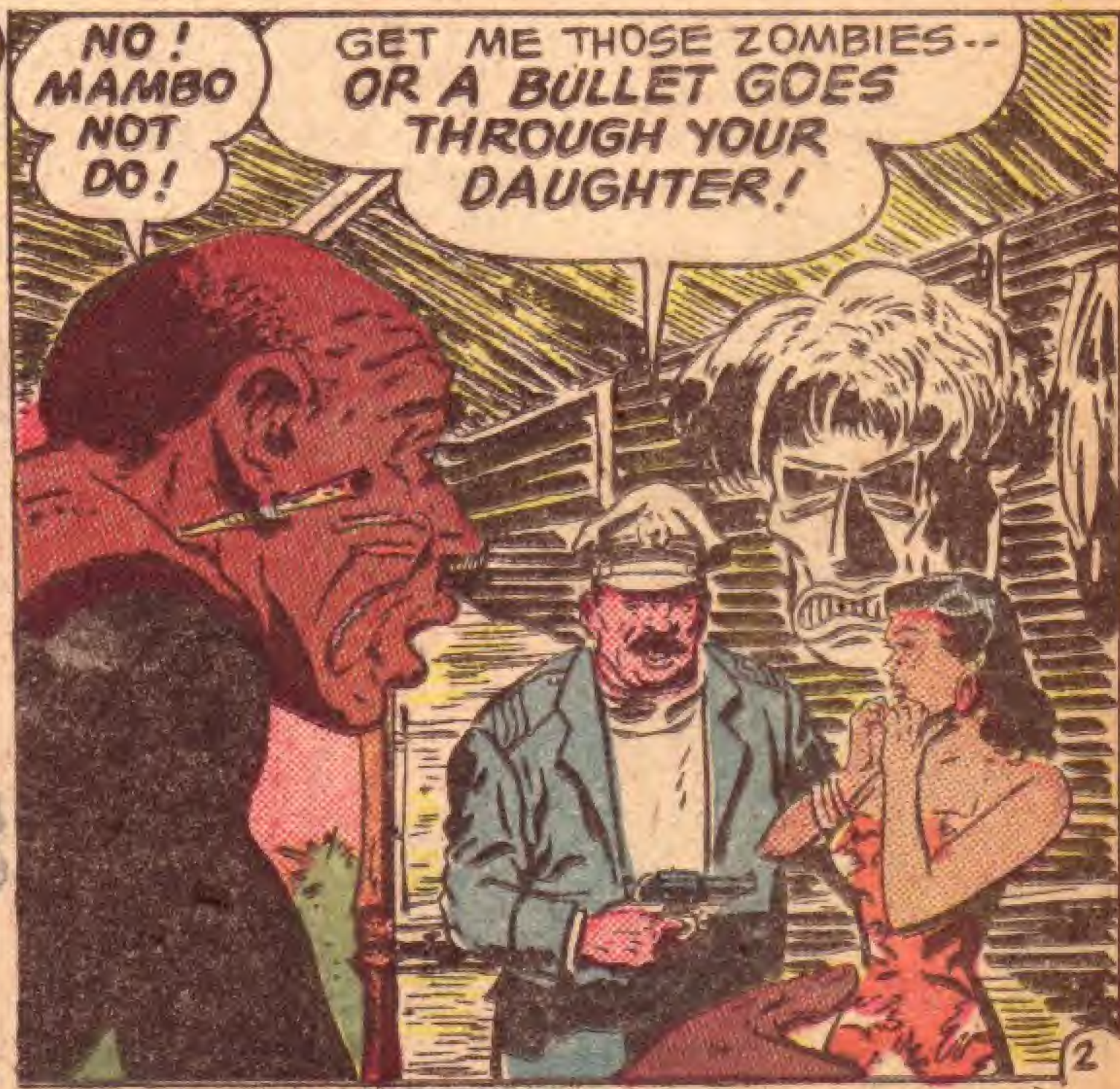
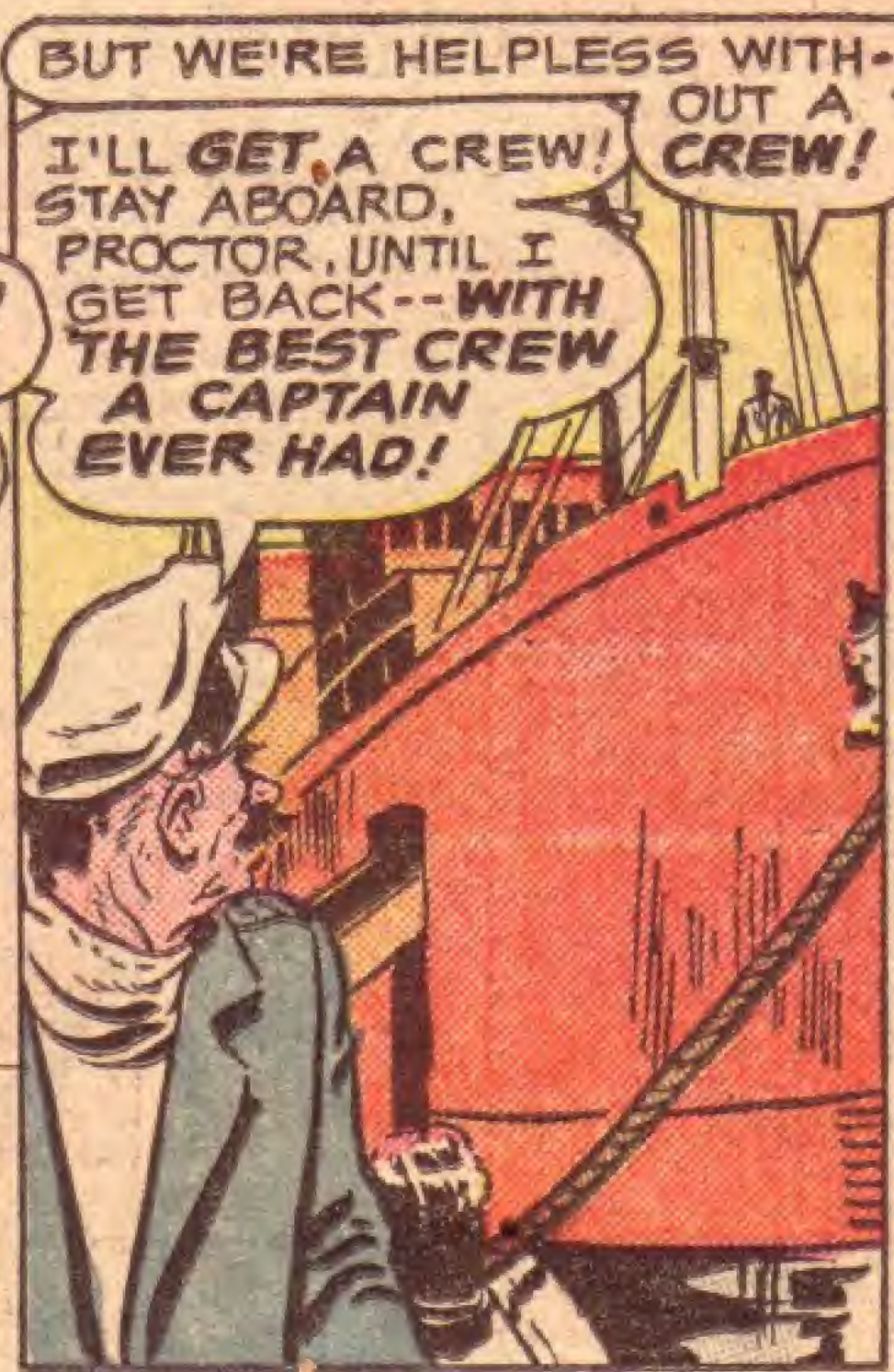
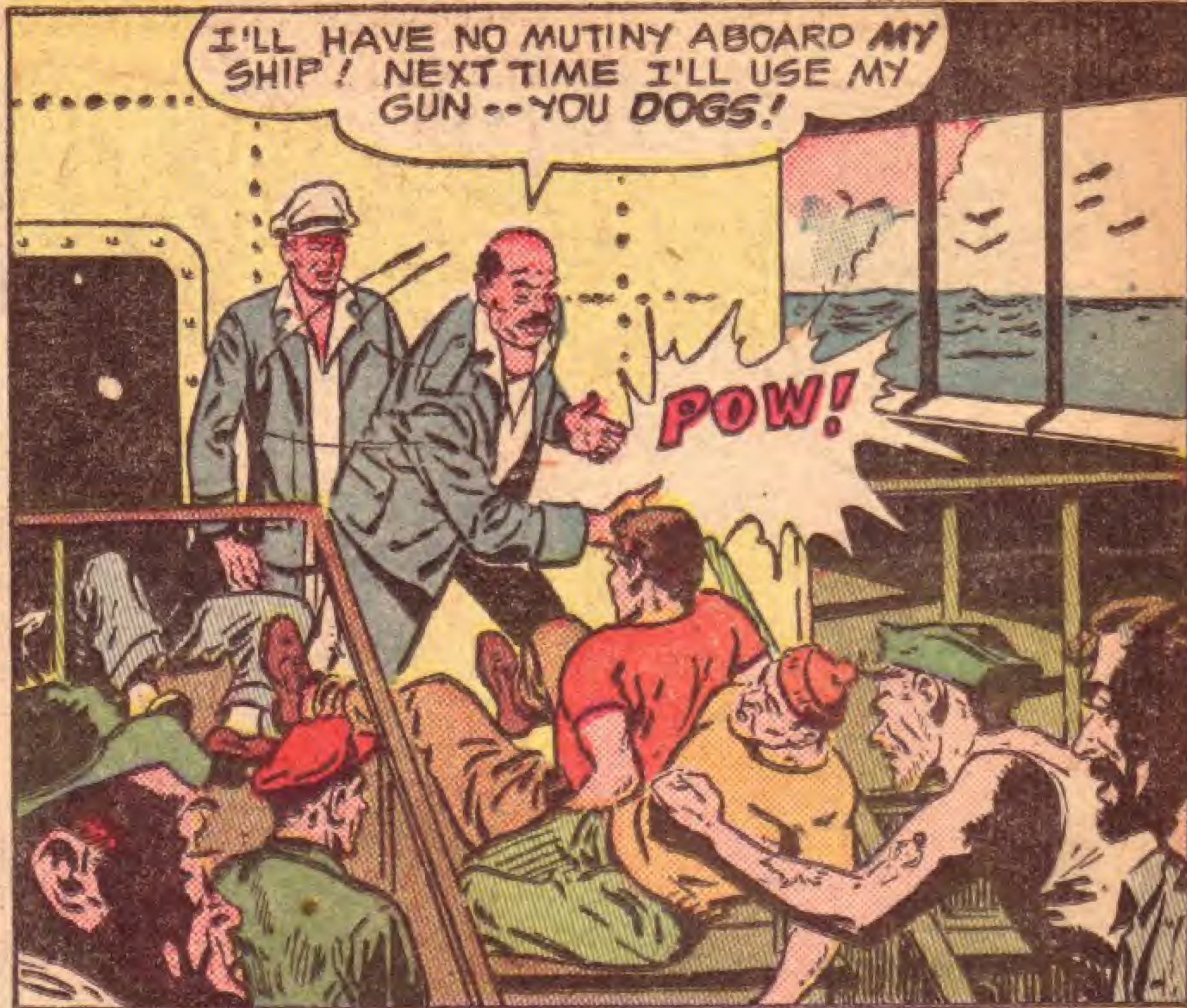
YES, CAPTAIN KROCK WAS IN HIS CABIN-- IMMERSED IN ONE OF HIS MANY VOLUMES DEALING WITH THE OCCULT! HIS EYES GLEAMED WITH A STRANGE LIGHT AS HE READ--

"ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING MASTERS OF THIS **VOODOO POWER** IS THE OLD WITCH DOCTOR, MAMBO, WHO LIVES IN THE HILLS BEYOND SAN CARLOS! HE..."
--COME IN!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MEN?

WE AIN'T GONNA STAND BEIN' KICKED AROUND BY THE CAPTAIN NO MORE!





THERE WAS NO ALTERNATIVE FOR MAMBO--
BUT SURRENDER!

I-- I DO!
FOLLOW
ME!

GO ALONG, SISTER--
I'M NOT TAKING
ANY CHANCES!



THEN, A WEIRD INCANTATION-- WITH
WEIRDER RESULTS!

OH, KALARI-- GOD OF LIFE BEYOND LIFE!
IN NAME OF MYSTIC TALISMAN--
MAKE THEM RISE!

GREAT
THUNDER-
BOLTS!



I HAVE CALLED
UP THE DEAD!
RELEASE MY
DAUGHTER!

WAIT! FIRST TELL
ME HOW TO KEEP
THESE THINGS
UNDER MY
CONTROL!



THIS STONE MYSTIC
TALISMAN! WEAR
AROUND NECK--
THEY DO WHAT
YOU COMMAND!

GOOD! NOW JUST
IN CASE YOU HAVE
ANY IDEAS ABOUT
TURNING THEM
AGAINST ME...



BANG!
BANG!



YOU GO-- BUT I WILL
FIND YOU AND KILL YOU,
WHITE MAN!
KILL YOU!

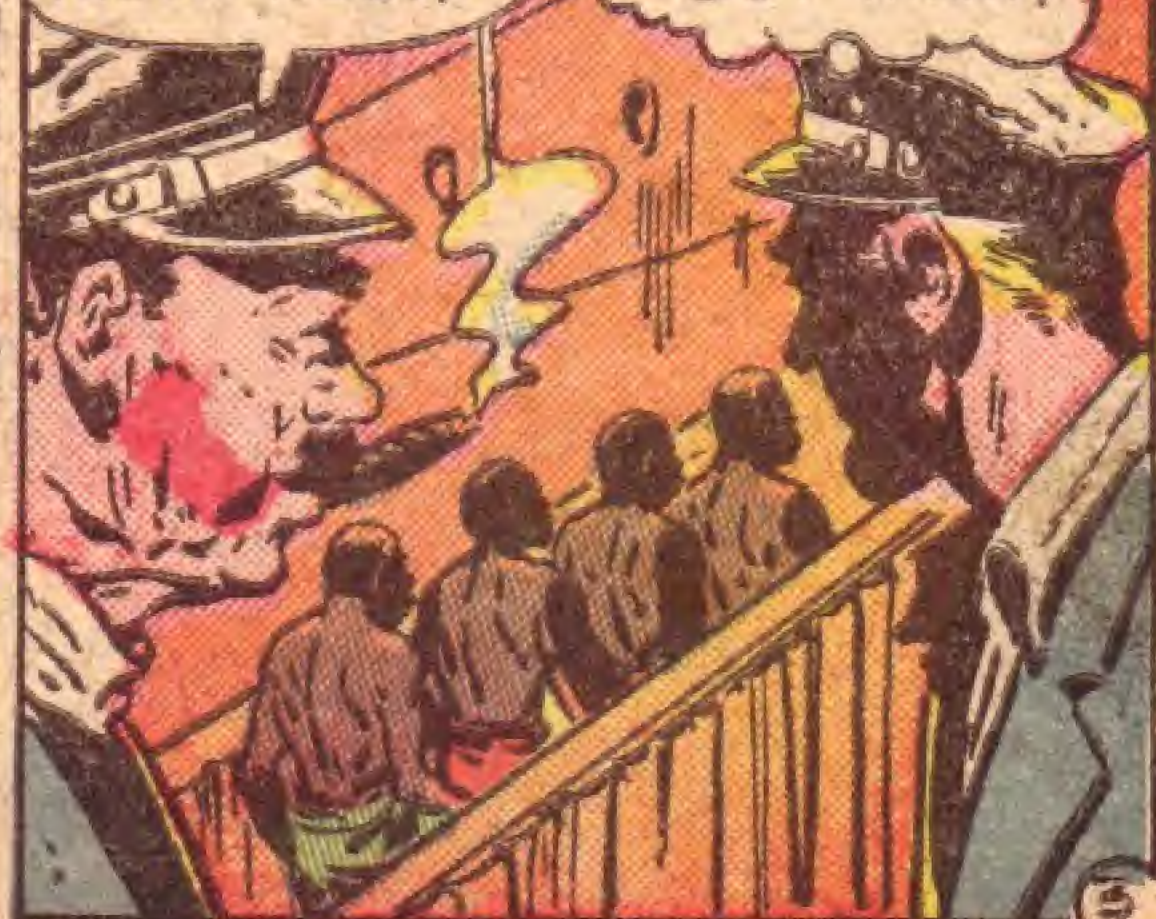


LATER...

AYE, AYE, SIR!

HERE'S OUR CREW,
PROCTOR! JUST TELL
'EM WHAT YOU
WANT AND
THEY'LL DO IT...
WE'RE PUTTIN'
TO SEA IM-
MEDIATELY!

SURE A
STRANGE-
LOOKING BUNCH!
WONDER WHERE
THE SKIPPER
GOT THEM!



ON THE OPEN SEA --

THEY SURE OBEY
COMMANDS AND NO
QUESTIONS ASKED...

HEY! LOOK
OUT!



GREAT HEAVENS!
THERE'S NO HEART
BEAT! HE'S BEEN
KILLED!



KILLED--YET TO PROCTOR'S
AMAZEMENT, THE MAN ROSE,
SHAMBLED OFF!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HE WAS DEAD!
HIS HEART HAD
STOPPED!

OF COURSE
HE WAS DEAD!
HAS BEEN
FOR YEARS!
THEY'RE
ALL DEAD...
THEY'RE
ZOMBIES!



ZOMBIES!

YES! I WENT UP INTO THE HILLS,
AND...AH... PERSUADED A WITCH
DOCTOR TO PROVIDE ME WITH
A PERFECT CREW! THEY
NEVER COMPLAIN, THEY
DON'T EAT OR SLEEP...
AND THEY OBEY!



DON'T LOOK SO UPSET,
MR. PROCTOR! YOU'LL
SOON GET USED TO
THE IDEA! AND
TOGETHER, WE'LL
MAKE A FORTUNE!

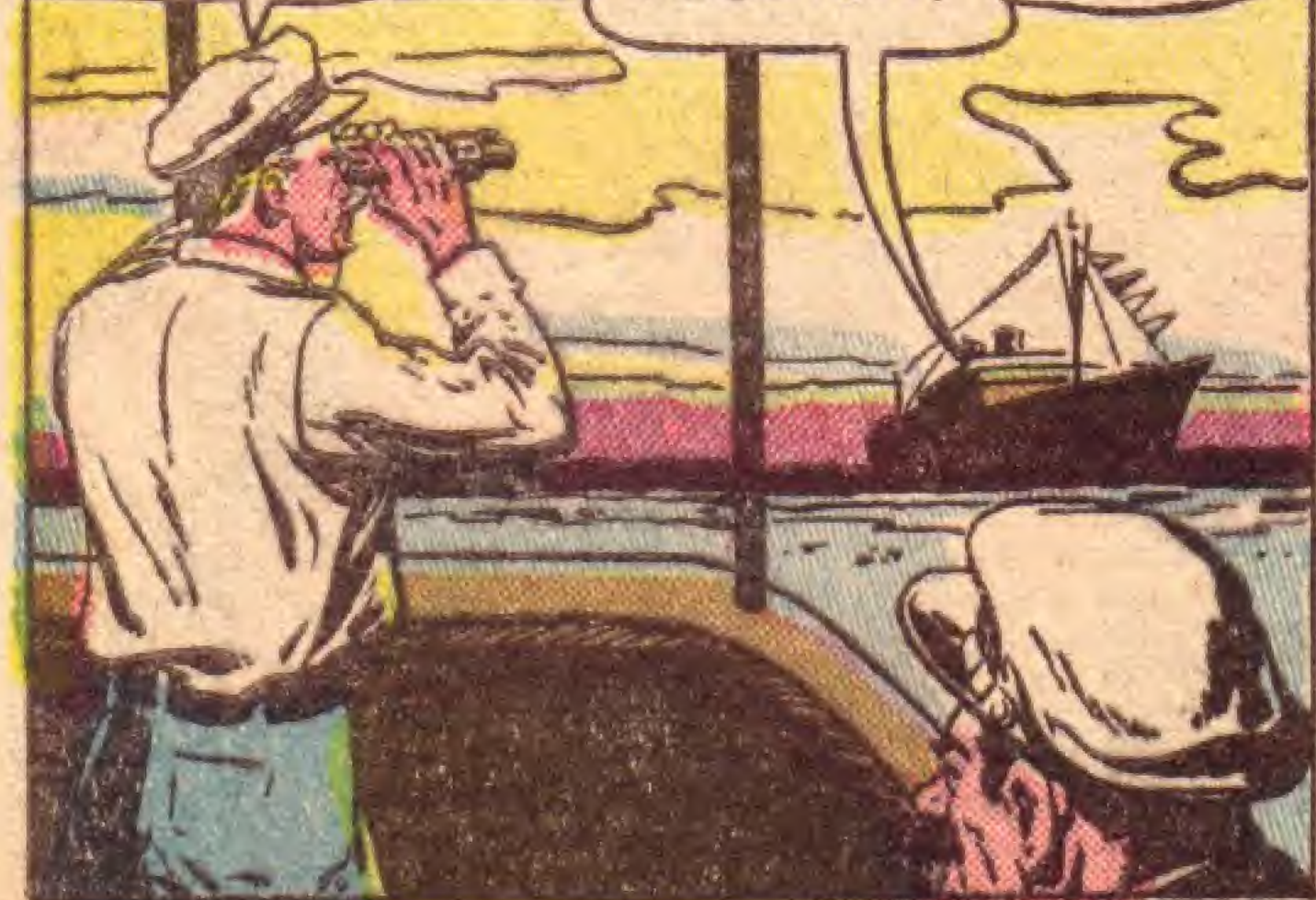
THIS IS HORRIBLE!
BUT THERE'S
NOTHING I CAN
DO BUT PLAY
ALONG WITH HIM
UNTIL WE REACH
THE NEXT PORT!



EARLY NEXT DAY--

VESSEL TO
STARBOARD,
CAPTAIN!
FLYING
SIGNAL OF
DISTRESS!

EXCELLENT! HER RADIO
MUST BE OUT OF COM-
MISSION, OR WE WOULD
HAVE HEARD HER SIGNAL!
THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR--
OUR CHANCE TO START
MAKING THAT FORTUNE,
PROCTOR!



WHEN WE COME ALONGSIDE, YOU MEN WILL
BOARD THAT SHIP! YOU WILL BRING BACK ALL
THE MONEY YOU CAN FIND! THERE IS LIKELY
A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT LOCKED IN HER
SAFE-- OPEN IT! KILL ANYONE WHO
RESISTS! SCUTTLE THE SHIP BEFORE
YOU LEAVE!

THAT'S MURDER!
AND PIRACY!





YOU'RE STARK, RAVING MAD!

SEIZE HIM! THROW HIM IN HIS CABIN!

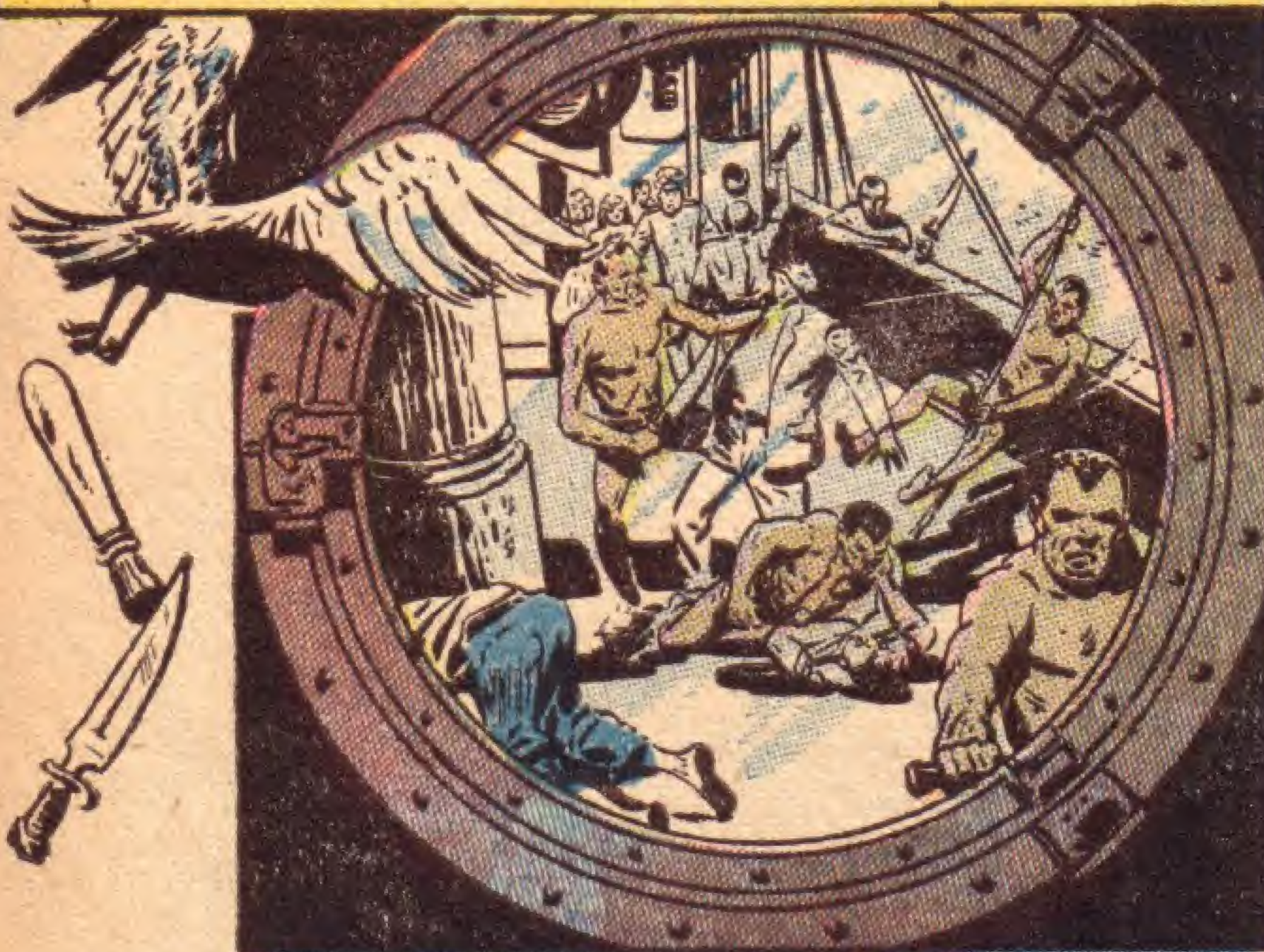
POW!



IN THE GRIP OF TWO ZOMBIES, PROCTOR'S WILD STRUGGLES WERE FUTILE!

BREAK HIS NECK IF HE TRIES TO ESCAPE! I'LL DEAL WITH HIM LATER!

HELPLESS, PROCTOR WATCHED THROUGH A PORTHOLE AS CAPTAIN KROCK'S MURDEROUS PLAN PROCEEDED!



LEAVING THE LOOTED SHIP SINKING WITH ALL ABOARD, THE S.S. NEPTUNE PROCEEDED ON HER WAY!



OVER THIRTY THOUSAND IN THAT SAFE, PROCTOR!... AS FOR YOU, YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR RESISTING ME! HOLD HIM, ZOMBIE!

THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL GET, YOU WHITE-LIVERED FOOL! I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU ALIVE SO YOU CAN WATCH SHIP AFTER SHIP ATTACKED AND DESTROYED! YOU'LL BE BEATEN UNTIL YOU FINALLY PRAY FOR DEATH! NOBODY CROSSES CAPTAIN KROCK!



EVERY LAST BIT OF SANITY HAS LEFT HIM! IF I COULD ONLY STOP THIS PIRACY!

POW!

DAYS GREW INTO WEEKS AS THE BLOODTHIRSTY SKIPPER OF THE NEPTUNE USED HIS DEAD MEN TO ATTACK, ROB, AND DESTROY SHIP AFTER SHIP! AND AFTER EVERY FORAY, THE MANIACAL CAPTAIN KROCK VISITED HIS CAPTIVE MATE --



ANOTHER GREAT HAUL, PROCTOR! AND HERE'S YOUR PAYMENT!

SOK!

FINALLY, THE SHIP STEAMED INTO A DESERTED COVE ACROSS THE ISLAND FROM SAN CARLOS--



LOWER THE ANCHOR! WE'LL LIE LOW HERE FOR AWHILE!



LATE THAT NIGHT--

IT IS THE SHIP OF
THE MURDERER OF
MY FATHER!



I'LL FIND HIS CABIN--
AND THEN--!



WHO--
WHO
ARE
YOU?

I LOOK FOR
CAPTAIN! YOU
TELL ME WHERE
HE IS!



I'M CAPTAIN
KROCK'S
PRISONER...
WHAT DO
YOU WANT
WITH
HIM?

HE FORCE MY FATHER, GREAT
WITCH DOCTOR, TO GIVE HIM
ZOMBIES! THEN HE MURDER
MY FATHER-- I SWEAR
VENGEANCE! YOU SHOW ME
WHERE FIND HIM, NO?



PROCTOR AGREED-- AND WAS RELEASED!
BUT AS THEY STOLE OUT ON DECK--

THE OLD WITCH DOCTOR'S
DAUGHTER-- AND SHE'S
FREED PROCTOR!



ALL HANDS
ON DECK!



KILL THEM!
KILL THEM!



WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
DIVE OVERBOARD,
QUICK!



ATTAGIRL!

DAWN FOUND GEORGE AND THE NATIVE GIRL CROUCHED IN THE HEAVY FOLIAGE NEAR THE SHORE--

THE NEPTUNE'S PULLED UP ANCHOR! SHE'S LEAVING!

I'VE FAILED-- HE WILL ESCAPE!



NO, HE WON'T ESCAPE-- NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!...TELL ME, HOW DOES CAPTAIN KROCK KEEP THOSE ZOMBIES UNDER CONTROL?

MY FATHER GAVE WHITE MAN A JEWEL-STONE TO WEAR ABOUT HIS NECK! HE WHO WEARS JEWEL, THE ZOMBIES WILL OBEY!



A PLAN RAPIDLY TOOK FORM IN PROCTOR'S BRAIN! LEAVING THE GIRL, HE TRAVELED ACROSS THE ISLAND TO SAN CARLOS--

THAT JEWEL HE WEARS AROUND HIS NECK... IF I CAN JUST GET BACK ABOARD THE NEPTUNE...



NEGOTIATIONS FOR A FLIGHT AND THE PURCHASE OF A PARACHUTE AND PORTABLE RUBBER RAFT WERE SOON COMPLETED--

THAT'S THE SHIP! SOON AS IT GETS DARK, GET WELL AHEAD OF HER-- AND OUT I GO!

SOUNDS LIKE RISKY BUSINESS TO ME, MISTER! BUT IF YOU WANT IT THAT WAY, OKAY!



WHEN THE VELVET OF NIGHT COVERED THE SKY--



SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO BOARD HER!



I'M IN LUCK-- NO ONE IN SIGHT! BUT I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL!



EVERY NERVE TENSE, PROCTOR MOVED LIKE A SHADOW ALONG THE DESERTED DECK TO THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN --

HE'S ASLEEP!

OOPS!
THAT DOES IT!

BAM!

WHAT WAS THAT?...YOU!

ALL HANDS! GET HERE--
ON THE DOUBLE!

POW!

REALIZING THAT AT ANY MOMENT THE SWARM OF ZOMBIES WOULD ARRIVE, PROCTOR SLASHED INTO CAPTAIN KROCK, TRYING FRANTICALLY TO GET HOLD OF THE TALISMAN JEWEL!

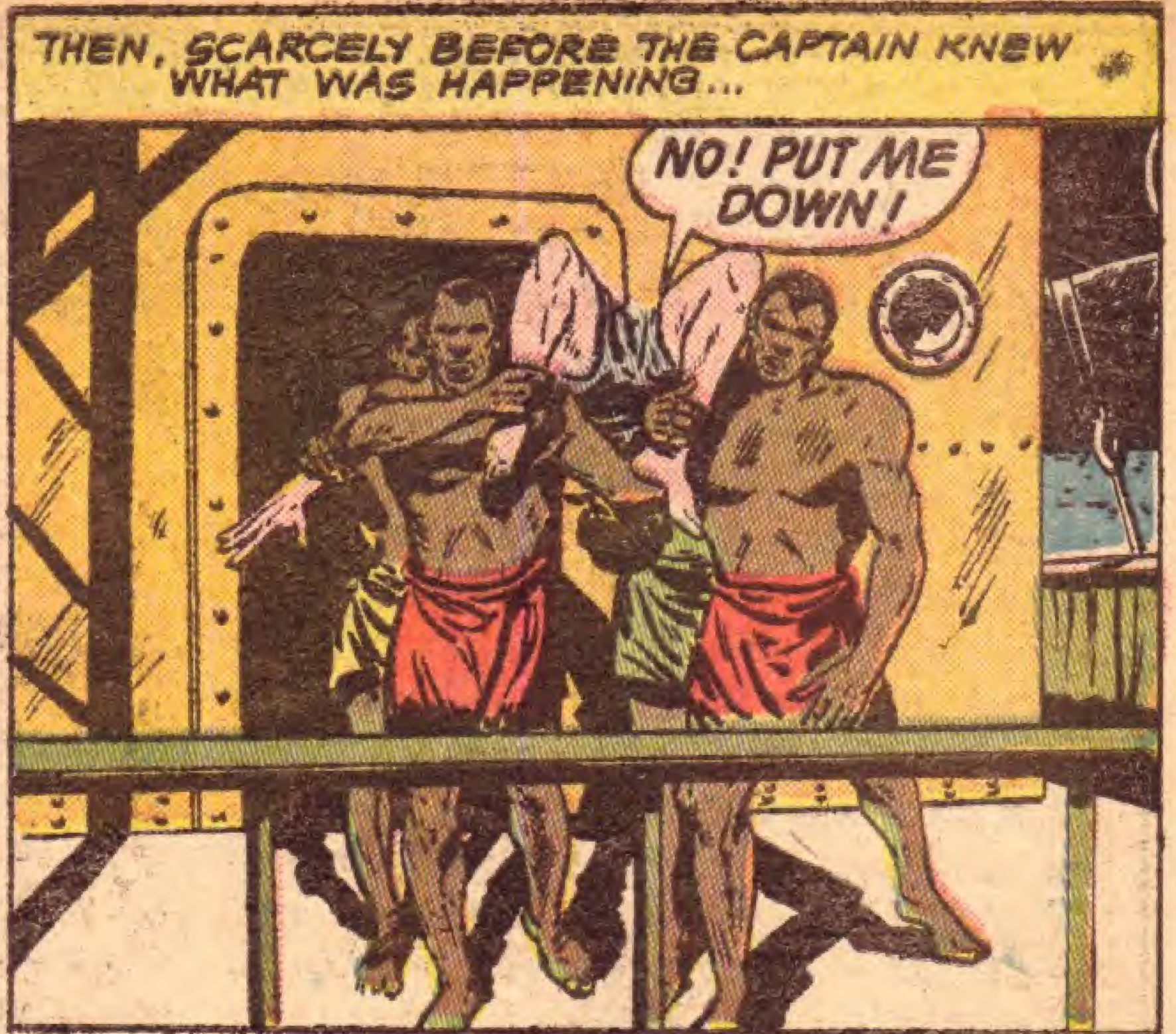
SOK!

KILL HIM!

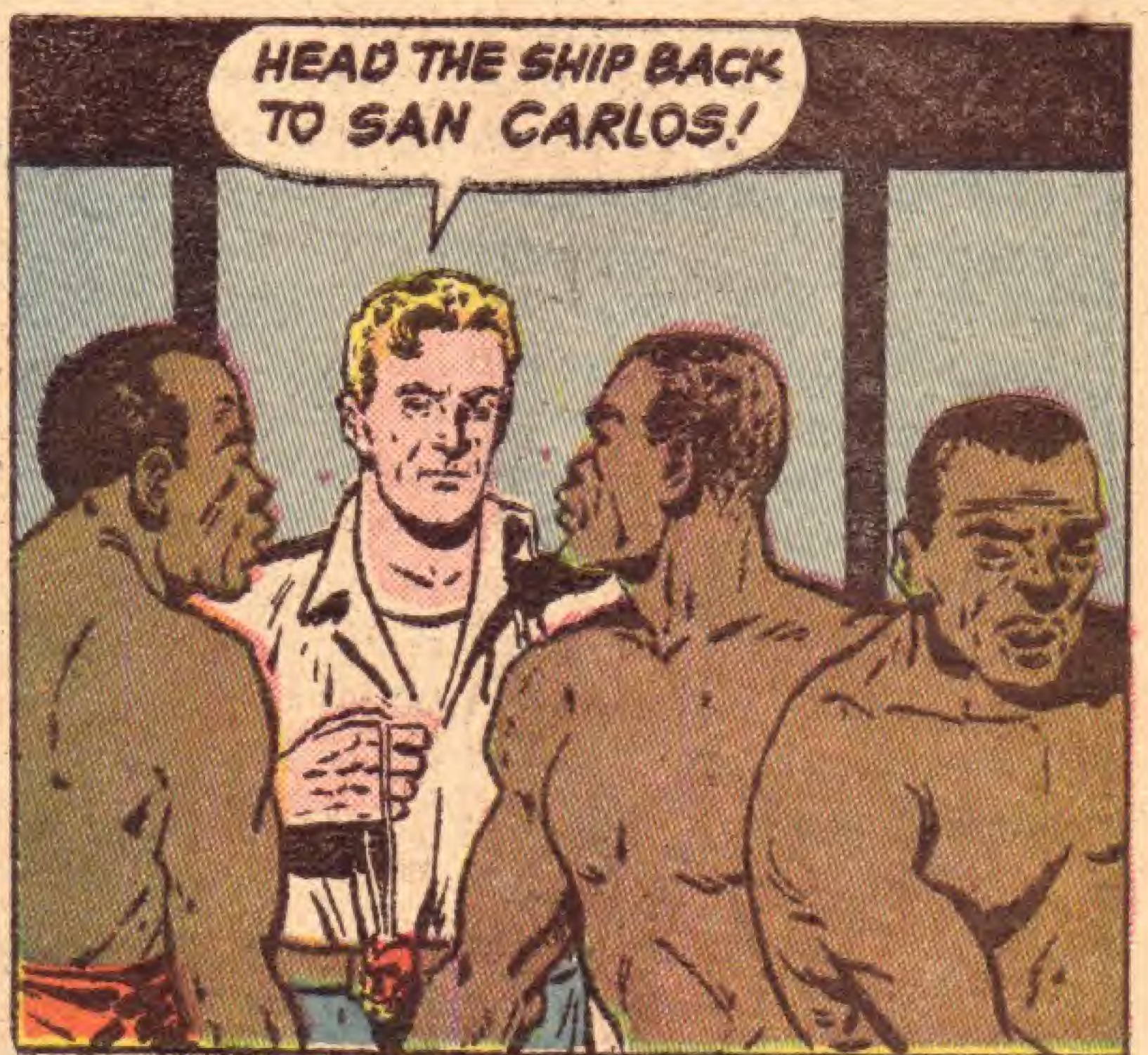
ONE LAST SUPREME EFFORT--AND PROCTOR'S CLUTCHING FINGERS FASTENED ON THE VITAL JEWEL!

THROW HIM OVERBOARD!

GOT IT!



NOW
MASTER
OF
THE
S.S.
NEPTUNE,
GEORGE
ISSUED
CRISP
ORDERS--



HOURS LATER, THE FREIGHTER
MOVED INTO SAN CARLOS
HARBOR! PROCTOR CALLED
THE ZOMBIES ON DECK--

THE NIGHTMARE IS ALMOST OVER
FOR EVERYONE! IN THE NAME OF
THE MYSTIC TALISMAN-- YOU
WILL NOW RE-
TURN TO YOUR
RESTING
PLACES!



END

EDITOR



GREETINGS, ALL YOU loyal fans of *"Adventures Into The Unknown"*! And we do mean *loyal*...for we doubt whether any publication was ever lucky enough to enjoy such a devoted band of supporters. In all humility, we can state that we owe you much. For it is you who have stood solidly behind us, who have constantly come to our aid with suggestions and helpful criticisms which have worked wonders in making *"Adventures Into The Unknown"* by far the greatest magazine in its field. Yes, this, the first publication ever to be exclusively devoted to the supernatural within the realm of comics, has come a long way. And our astonishing success has enabled the publication of two great companion magazines...*"Forbidden Worlds"* and *"Out of The Night"*...sellouts throughout the nation!

But *"Adventures Into The Unknown"* continues its steady and stalwart course, guided by the lodestar of complete reader satisfaction. We'll never let you down, reader...because we'll never take our job for granted. Matter of fact, stories of the supernatural aren't work to us, but part of the joy of life. That's true of all of our

publishing family...editors, writers, researchers...even down to the last proof-reader! We had an excellent example of that at a recent office party. Conversation could have turned to the latest play, book or television program, but didn't. Instead, editors, writers, all of us, were gathered in intent, buzzing groups, doing...what? You've guessed it...telling ghost stories!

We're back telling 'em in the current issue...and we think you'll find them the best yet! Take *"Invasion of The Ghost-Monsters"*, for instance...as eerily fascinating a tale as you'll ever read! *"Ship of Death"* is a new and gripping type of zombie story...and *"Mark of The Monster"* packs a gruesome punch you'll long remember. *"Hands of Darkness"* is weird and gripping...and *"The Witches' Brew"* is the kind of spine-tingling thriller that should produce more than a gasp! Taken together, they add up to a great issue...one which we'd like your opinion on! Address your letter to The Editor, *"Adventures Into The Unknown"*, 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. And here's what a few of your friends are saying!

"Dear Editor:-

I'm an avid reader of 'Adventures Into The Unknown' and sincerely believe that it's the best published in the field of supernatural stories. I've been interested in the wide field of the supernatural for a long time, and have some ideas for stories and weird pictures myself. I've enclosed a drawing...if you'd like to use it in any of your stories, it would please me very much. Again...thanks for your magazine!

--Charles Samuel Davis, Atlanta, Ga."

"Dear Editor:-

Please have more of the printed-type stories such as 'Enchanted Lake' and 'Witches' Curse'. 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is a wonderful and thrilling magazine. It is well worth the price of 10¢! I sincerely hope that in the future, these monthly meetings will be increased to twice a month...or even once a week!

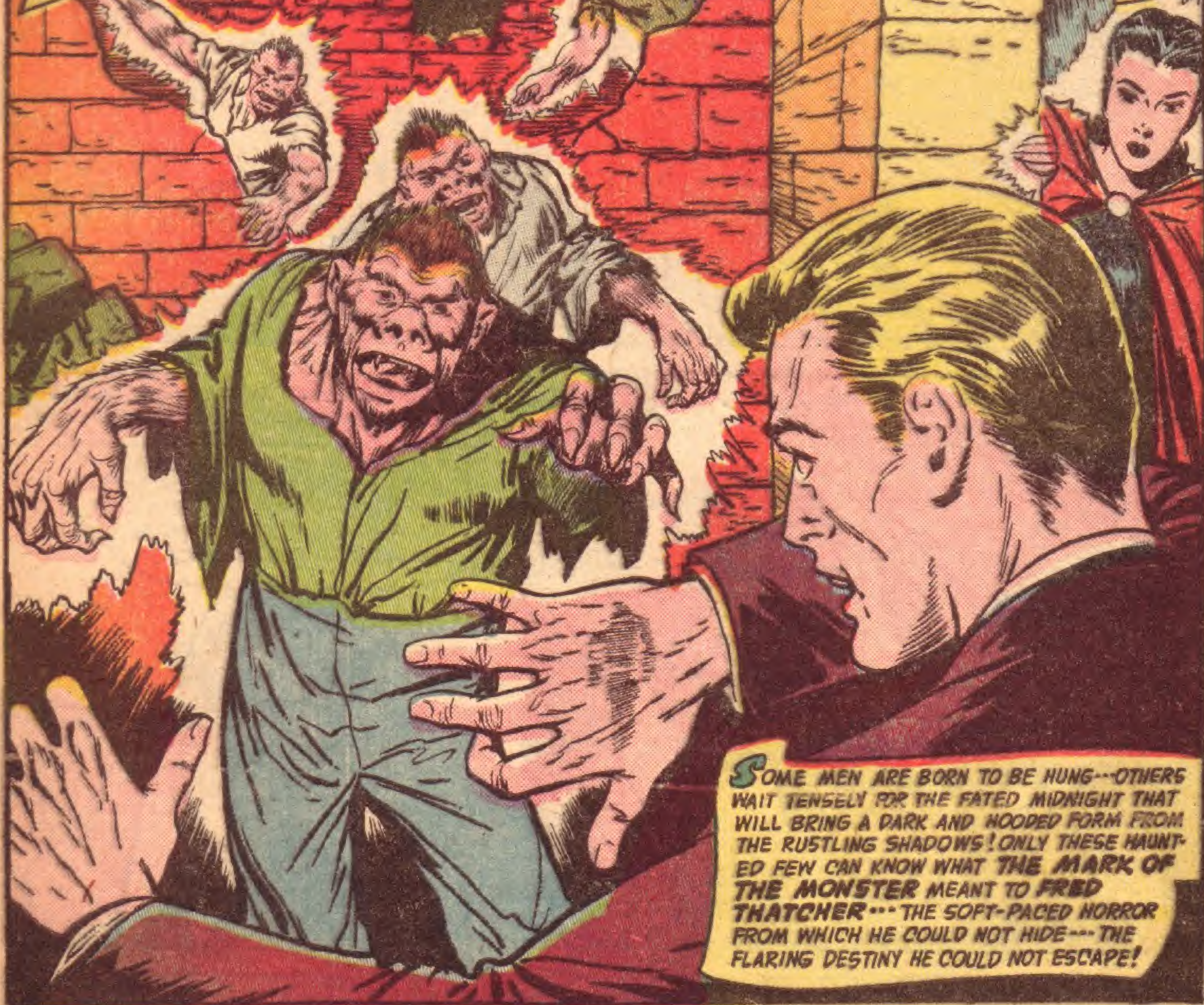
--Pamela S. Brown, Wilmington, N. C."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read many comic books and have enjoyed them all. But I've never read any that are as exciting as 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. It keeps a person in suspense at all times. Here are some of the stories I thought were exceptionally good... 'The Curse of The Catacombs,' 'Beast From The Beyond,' and 'Ghostly Destroyer'.

--N. Lindstrom, Blue Island, Ill."

The MARK of the MONSTER



SOME MEN ARE BORN TO BE HUNG--OTHERS WAIT TENSELY FOR THE FATED MIDNIGHT THAT WILL BRING A DARK AND HOODED FORM FROM THE RUSTLING SHADOWS! ONLY THESE HAUNTED FEW CAN KNOW WHAT THE MARK OF THE MONSTER MEANT TO FRED THATCHER--THE SOFT-PACED HORROR FROM WHICH HE COULD NOT HIDE--THE FLARING DESTINY HE COULD NOT ESCAPE!

ONE NIGHT---ALONG A LANE DAPPLED BY THE CLOUDED MOON---

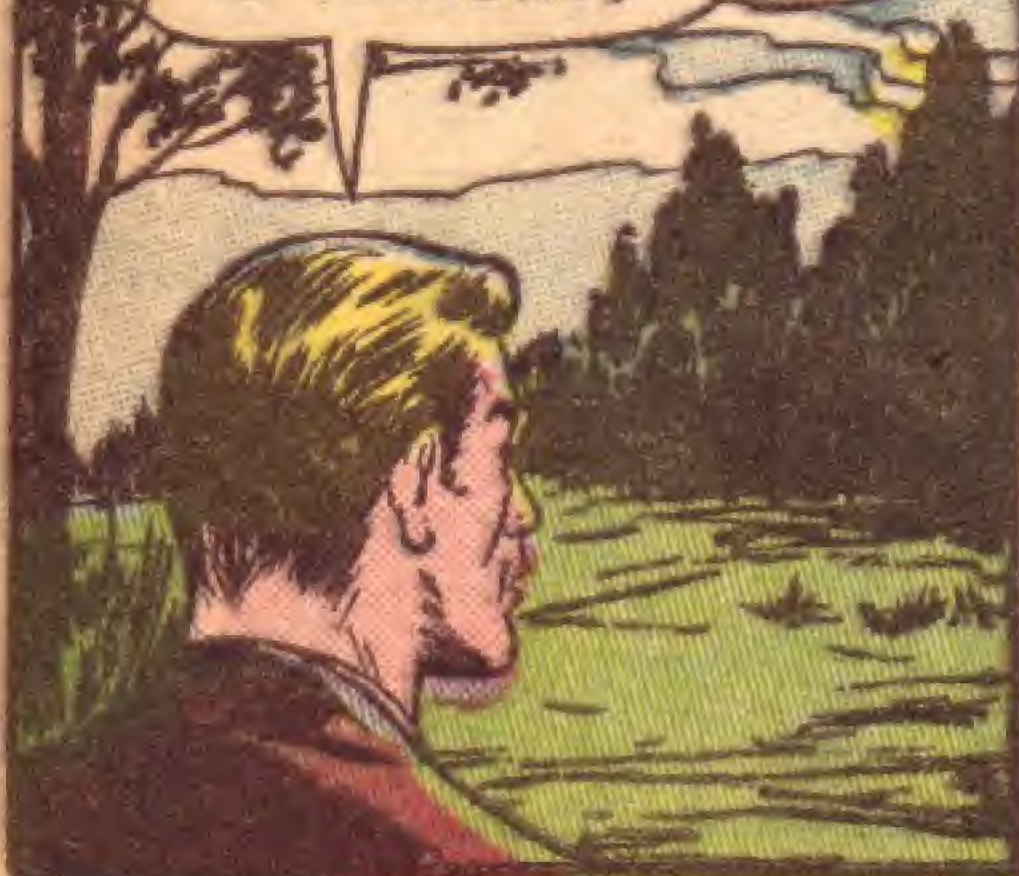
STRANGE THING---FOR MOST OF MY ADULT LIFE, I'VE HAD THE FEELING OF WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN---AND **NOW** I'VE GOT THE OVERWHELMING CONVICTION THAT IT'LL BE **TONIGHT!**

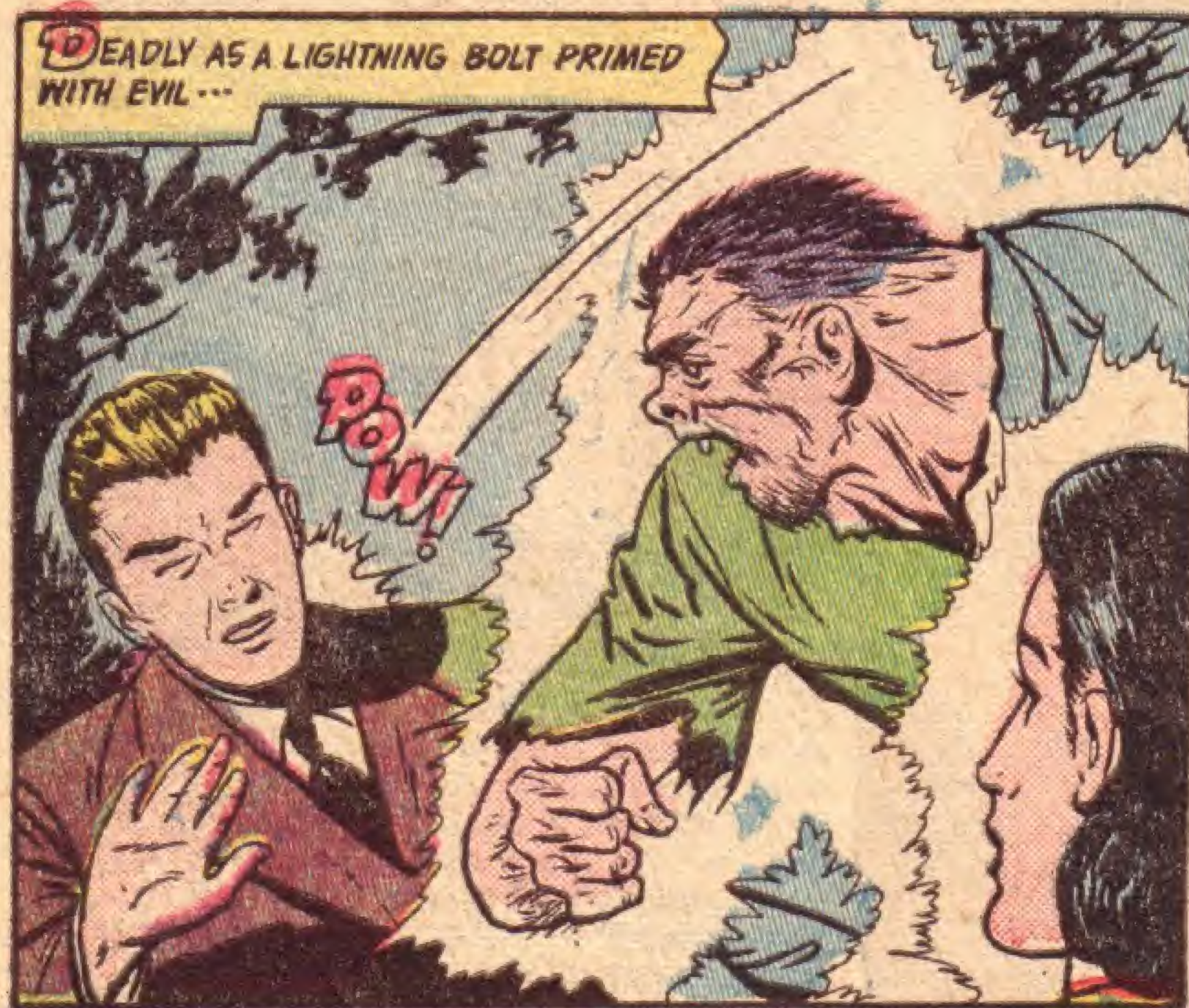
THE IDEA OF BEING **DESTINED** FOR SOMETHING MIGHT SOUND QUEER TO ANYONE ELSE---BUT WHAT ABOUT THE STRANGE CONSTELLATION THAT APPEARED ON THE HORIZON AT THE VERY MOMENT I WAS BORN? THE STARS FORMED SUCH A WEIRD OUTLINE THAT MY FATHER TOOK A PHOTOGRAPH OF THEM---AND I'VE NEVER DOUBTED THAT SOME DAY I'D FIND A LINK BETWEEN THAT SIGN IN THE SKY---AND **MY OWN LIFE!**

SUDDENLY---

GREAT GUNS! THERE WASN'T A SOUL IN SIGHT WHEN I PASSED THIS WAY JUST A MOMENT AGO!

HELP!

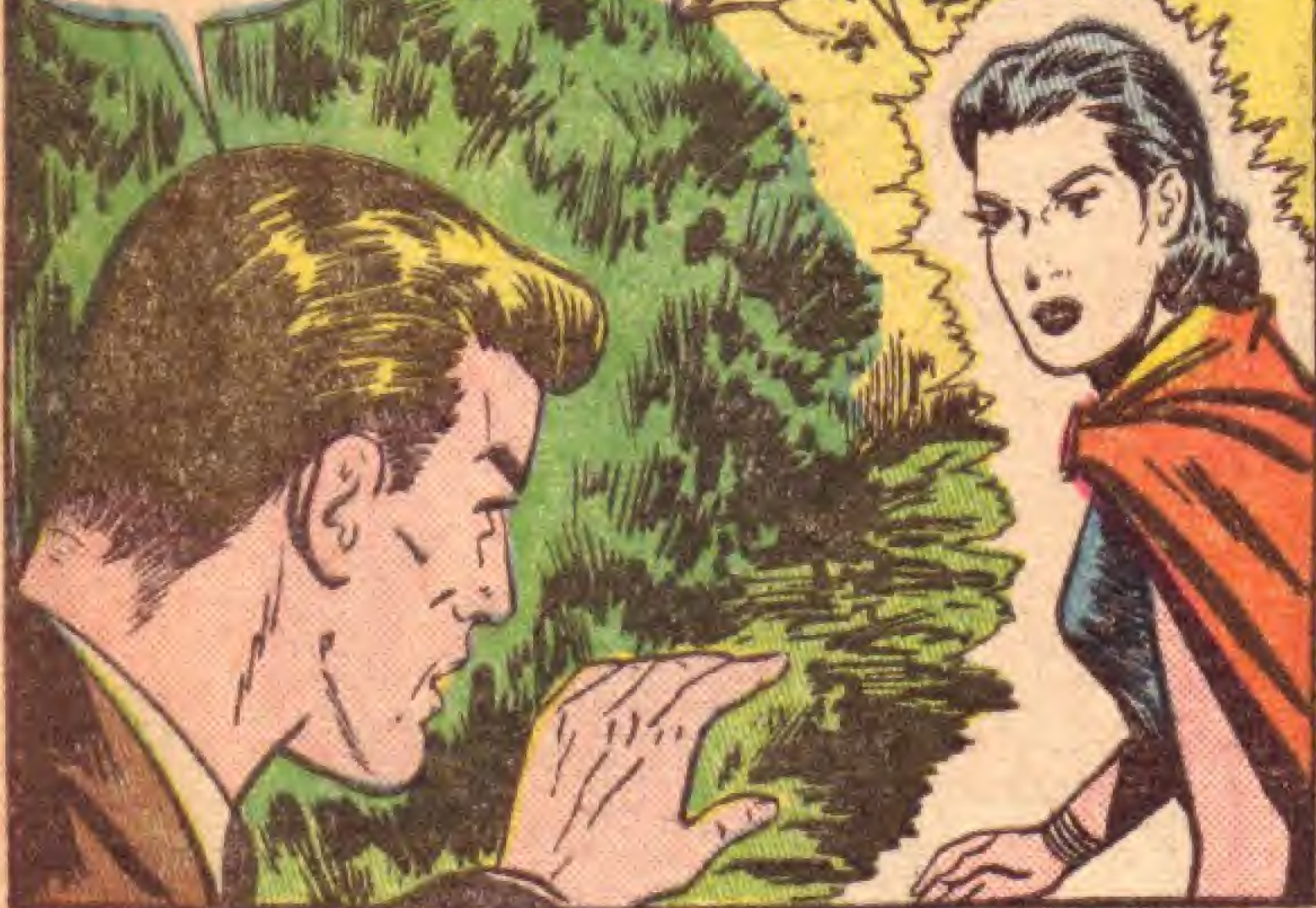




THEN, AFTER DABBING AT FRED'S FACE...

WAIT UP! NO NEED
BEING MYSTERIOUS,
HONEY---WHAT
ABOUT THAT
SECRET?

YOU'LL FIND OUT! AFTER HAVING
WAITED **THIS** LONG---WILL A
FEW MORE DAYS MATTER?



MOMENTS LATER...

THAT'S STRANGE! SHE SEEMED TO COME FROM NOWHERE
---AND NOW SHE'S VANISHED THE SAME WAY! THE WHOLE
THING'S CRAZY---INCLUDING THE FACT THAT THOSE
MONSTERS REMIND ME OF SOMETHING I'VE
SEEN BEFORE---**SOMEWHERE!**



SOON AFTERWARD---IN A LAIR WHERE DISTANCE AND
DIRECTION GIVE WAY TO TRACKLESS DARKNESS---

LOOK UPON THIS
BLOOD, MONSTERS
---THE BLOOD OF
THE ONLY MAN IN
THE WORLD
DESTINED TO
WORK OUR
DOOM!



BUT **NOW** IT IS SOMETHING WE CAN FORE-
STALL---NOW THE MARK OF THE MONSTER
WILL DOOM **HIM!** GATHER AROUND...
AND LET THE **BLACK RITUAL BEGIN!**



MIDNIGHT EVIL, MIDNIGHT DARK...
BLOOD BECAME THE MONSTER'S
MARK!

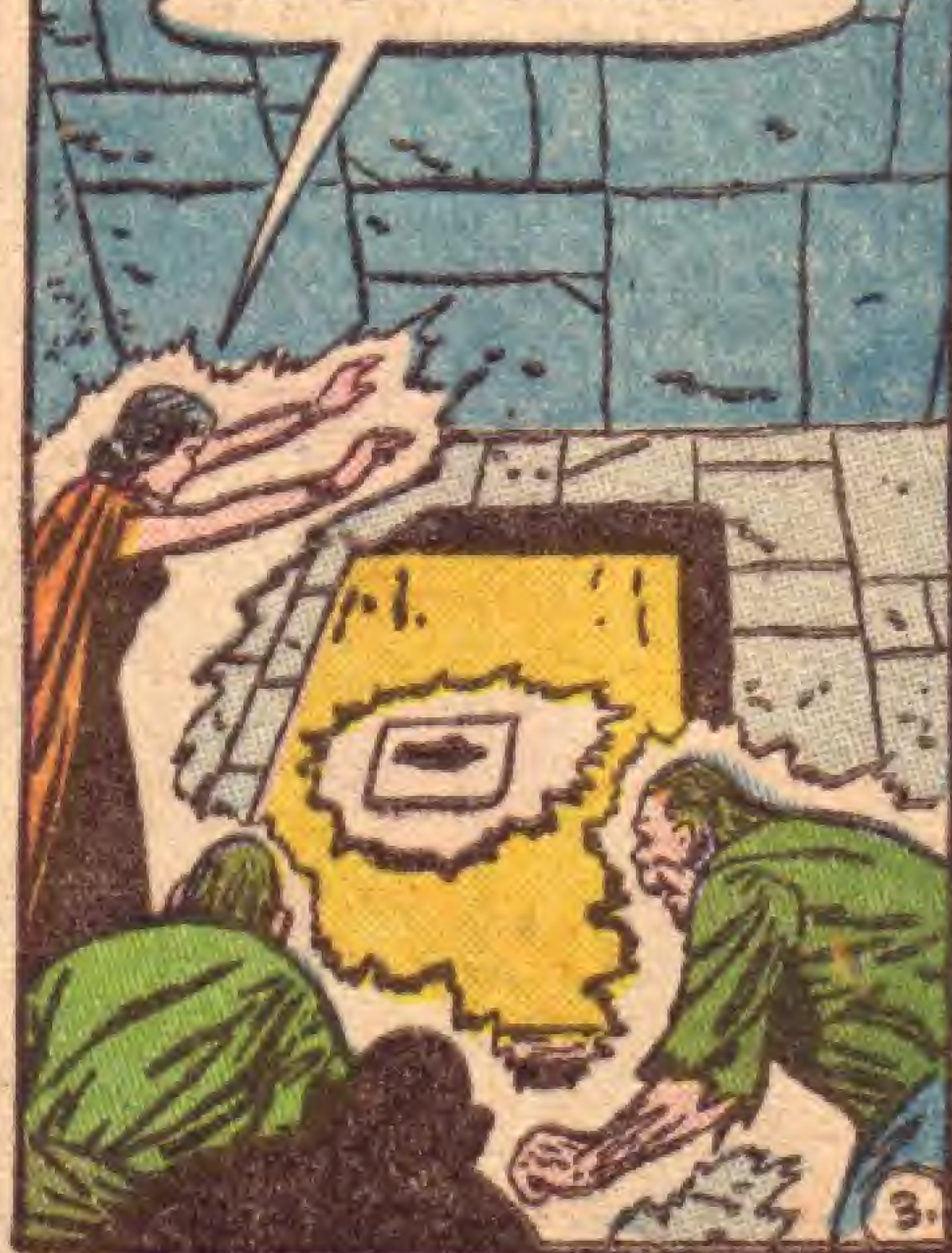


THEN---AS THE CRIMSON STAIN
TAKES ON AN UNMISTAKABLE OUT-
LINE---

MONSTER RISE,
AND EVIL WIELD---

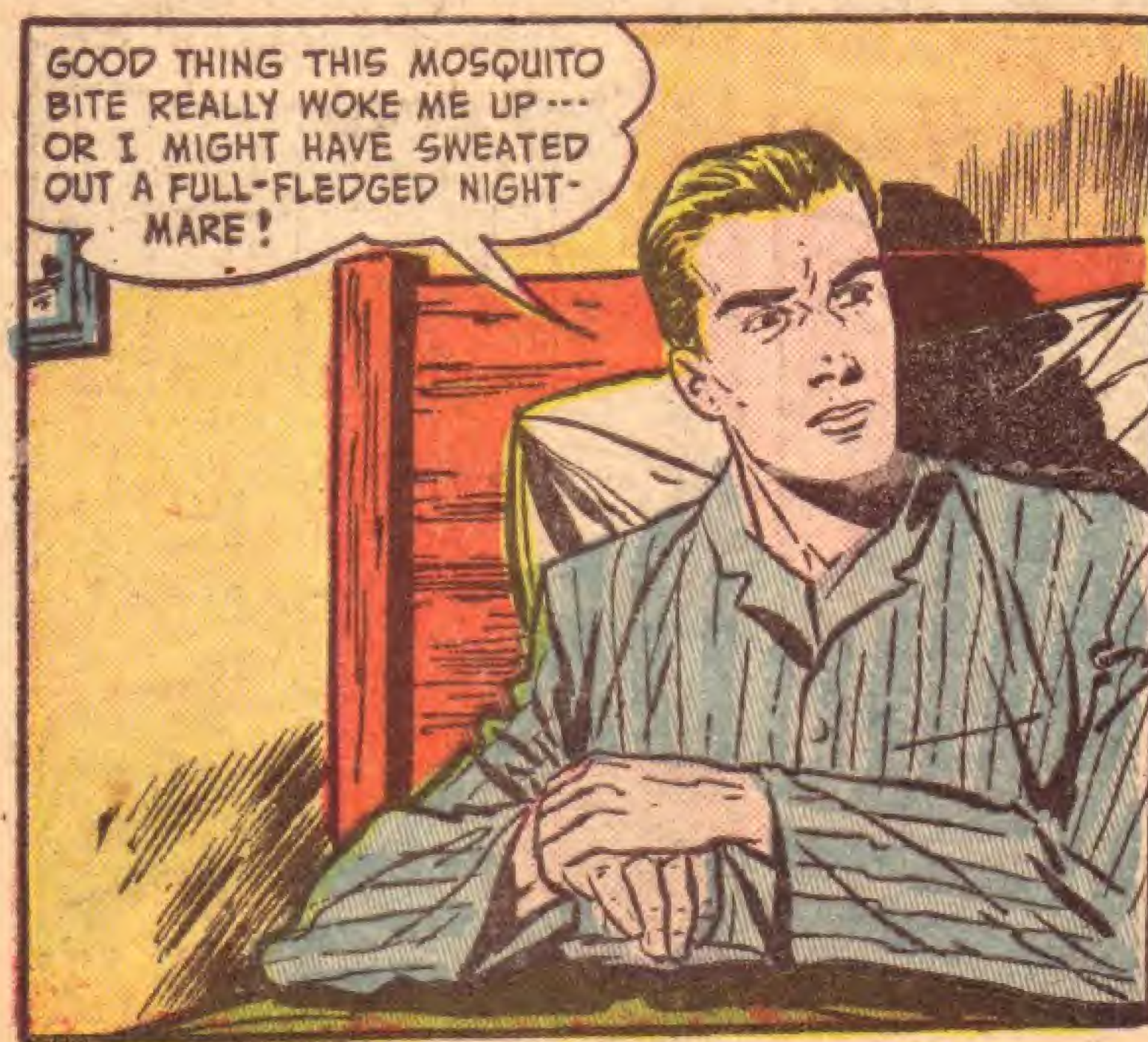
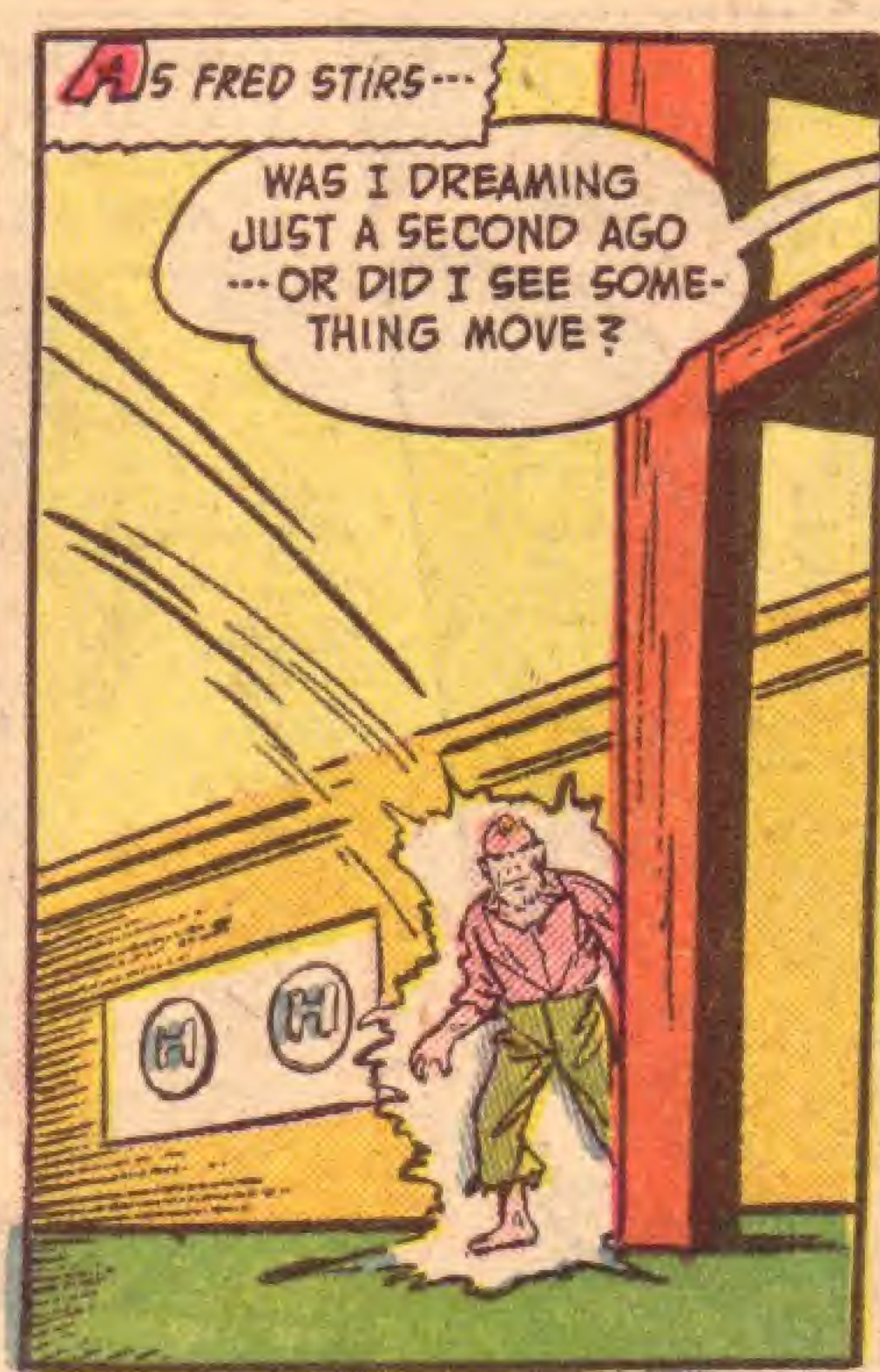


--SEEK THE MAN WHOSE
FATE IS SEALED!





HA HA! A NEW MONSTER...AND A NEW VICTIM! SEEK HIM OUT...SMITE HIM WITH OUR CURSE!





AFTER A SWIRLING MOMENT OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS...

GOOD LORD! THOSE CREEPS ARE GONE...AND THEY'VE TAKEN VENOMA WITH THEM!



NOPE... THEY'RE NOWHERE...

TING TONG TONG!



AS IF THE DOOR CHIMES HAD SOUNDED A WARNING... FRED MAKES A HURRIED SEARCH!

THE PHOTOGRAPH'S GONE...THE VERY ONE I WANTED VENOMA TO SEE...THE PICTURE I **KNEW** BORE SOME RELATION TO THOSE MONSTERS! IS **THAT** WHAT THEY CAME FOR?



AS FRED RAISES HIS HAND IN A PUZZLED GESTURE...

THAT MARK! IT'S **GROWN** SINCE LAST NIGHT...IT'S A SHAPE I CAN'T MISTAKE... **A MONSTER!**



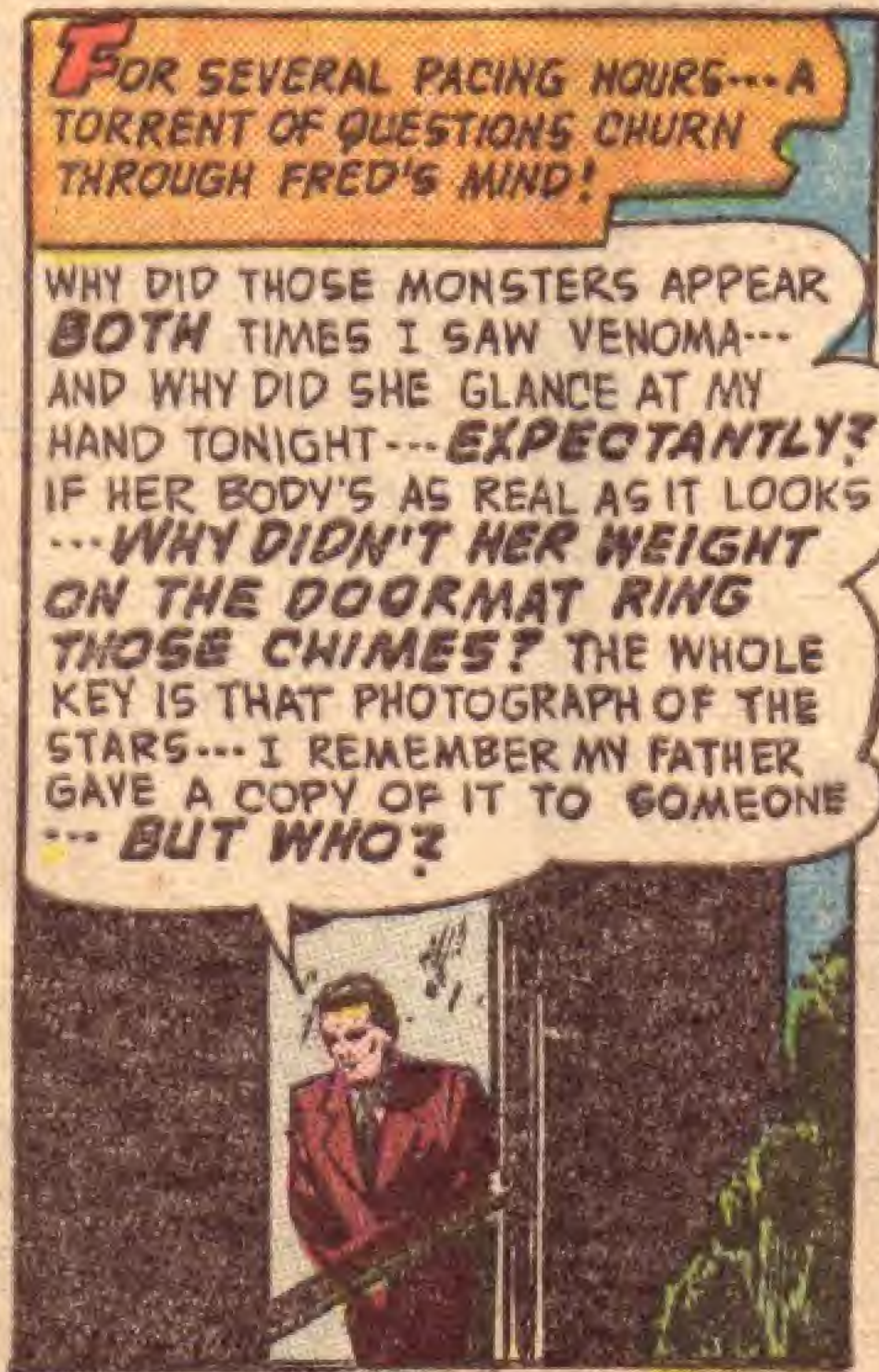
WHAT **ELSE** DOES IT REPRESENT? WHAT IS IT I CAN BARELY MAKE OUT...AND DON'T DARE ADMIT TO MYSELF? I'M NOT THE TYPE THAT SCARES EASILY, BUT **NOW** I'M UP AGAINST SOMETHING THAT HAS ME LICKED...

THE TERROR OF DOUBT!



FOR SEVERAL PACING HOURS...A TORRENT OF QUESTIONS CHURN THROUGH FRED'S MIND!

WHY DID THOSE MONSTERS APPEAR **BOTH** TIMES I SAW VENOMA...AND WHY DID SHE GLANCE AT MY HAND TONIGHT...**EXPECTANTLY?** IF HER BODY'S AS REAL AS IT LOOKS...**WHY DIDN'T HER WEIGHT ON THE DOORMAT RING THOSE CHIMES?** THE WHOLE KEY IS THAT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE STARS...I REMEMBER MY FATHER GAVE A COPY OF IT TO SOMEONE... **BUT WHO?**



TOWARD DAWN...IN THE SWAYING TORMENT OF RESTLESS SLEEP...

VENOMA... VENOMA! EXPLAIN YOUR SECRET... UNLESS IT WAS MORE A TAUNT THAN A PROMISE!



THEN...AS IF A GAP IN THE WALL OF DARKNESS TOOK ON FORM...

GOOD LORD! A SECOND AGO YOU WERE A VISION...SOMETHING I DREAMED...AND NOW YOU'RE **HERE!**

HA
HA
HA!



YOU WOULD HAVE LEARNED THE SECRET HAD YOUR DESTINY BEEN FULFILLED...IF YOU HAD FOUND YOUR WAY TO OUR LAIR **WITHOUT THE MARK OF THE MONSTER!** THEN YOU COULD HAVE DESTROYED US...INSTEAD OF WAITING LIKE **THIS...WHILE YOUR OWN DOOM CREEPS CLOSER!**

I CAN STAND ANYTHING BUT UNCERTAINTY, VENOMA! GIVE ME A HINT OF WHAT'S AHEAD...SHOW ME WHAT THE MARK OF THE MONSTER MEANS!



IN A FLASH BRISTLING WITH HORROR...

THIS!

CRACK!



NO...NO!
THAT CAN'T
BE **YOU!**

AND WHO ELSE?
CAN YOU GUESS?



AS THE TERRIFYING SHAPE FADES...

WHETHER IT HAPPENED OR NOT, MY NERVES ARE SHOT...TOMORROW I'D BETTER SEE OLD DR. BAILEY! GREAT GUNS...IT WAS DR. BAILEY WHO BROUGHT ME INTO THE WORLD...AND **HE'S THE ONE TO WHOM MY FATHER GAVE THE EXTRA PHOTOGRAPH!**



NEXT DAY...

NOW I KNOW WHY THOSE MONSTERS SEEMED FAMILIAR THE FIRST TIME I SAW THEM...AND WHY VENOMA SUMMONED THEM LAST NIGHT! SHE REALIZED I'D LEARN TOO MUCH WHEN I SAW HOW THESE STARS WERE GROUPED...THE STARS THAT FORMED A FIGURE IN THE SKY THE NIGHT I WAS BORN...THE **OUTLINE OF ONE OF THOSE CREEPS!**

COME HERE, FRED! I'D LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THAT HAND OF YOURS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE!



FRED HAD SENSED SOMETHING ABOUT THE MARK OF THE MONSTER...AND NOW...MAGNIFIED A HUNDRED TIMES...

I **HOPED** IT WAS SOME KIND OF STRANGE SKIN BLEMISH, FRED...BUT YOU MIGHT AS WELL BRACE YOURSELF FOR THE TRUTH! THE MARK IS DEVELOPING A FACE...THE FEATURES ARE STILL HAZY...**BUT THEY'RE YOURS!**



MY FACE! Y'G SODS,
DOCTOR---WHAT DOES
IT MEAN---WHAT ARE
THOSE FIENDS TRY-
ING TO DO?

I'VE READ ENOUGH ABOUT
BLACK MAGIC TO MAKE A
GUESS, FRED! BY TOMORROW
NIGHT, THE FACE ON YOUR
HAND WILL BE RECOGNIZ-
ABLE TO YOU---AND THEN
YOU'LL BE DRAWN TO
VENOMA'S HIDDEN RETREAT
--- TO BECOME A
MONSTER
YOURSELF!

I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED
---WHEN VENOMA TAUNTED
ME LAST NIGHT! YES, I
COULD HAVE DESTROYED
THEM---UNTIL THAT BLACK-
HEARTED WITCH FOUND
A WAY TO ENSLAVE
ME **FOREVER!**

FRED---I'M GOING TO
SUGGEST A DRASTIC
STEP! IT WILL TAKE
COURAGE---IT WILL
GIVE YOU A REMINDER
OF THIS TERROR FOR
THE REST OF YOUR
LIFE---**BUT IT
MAY SAVE YOUR
SOUL!**

The FOLLOWING NIGHT---AS A GAUNT
FIGURE APPROACHES THE LAIR OF EVIL---

LOOK, FIENDS---THE BIDDING
OF MY WILL HAS BROUGHT HIM
HERE! AND HE WILL NEVER LEAVE
---HE WILL NEVER AGAIN BE
HUMAN---ONCE HE LOOKS
AT HIS HAND!

YOUR DOOM IS CLOSE, FRED
THATCHER! THE MARK OF
THE MONSTER IS ON YOUR
HAND---YOUR FEATURES
ARE ON THE MARK---AS
PROOF OF WHAT
YOU SHALL NOW
BECOME!

NO
MARK,
VENOMA
---NO
FEATURES
---NO
HAND!

WHAT ABOUT IT---NOW THAT I'VE REACH-
ED THE HAVEN OF EVIL **WITHOUT**
YOUR CURSED BLEMISH? I DON'T
KNOW WHERE MY POWER'S COMING
FROM---BUT I CAN FEEL IT SURGING
THROUGH ME---**BECAUSE THIS
IS THE MOMENT FOR WHICH
I WAS BORN!**

THEN, IN A FLASH THAT SHUDDERS AGAINST THE NIGHT, A
TOWERING FIGURE LOOMS ABOVE THE SWAYING WALLS---THE
FIGURE OF A MAN WHO FOR A SINGLE INSTANT TAKES ON THE
VASTNESS OF DESTINY ITSELF---AND STRIKES!

THEY'RE GONE---BURIED UNDER THE STONES THAT KNEW
THEIR CRAWLING HORROR---ENGULFED BY THE DARK
PAST THAT SPAWNED THEM! I'VE LOST A HAND---BUT
I'VE GAINED RELEASE FROM A BLIND DATE WITH
DOOM---AND I CAN THANK MY LUCKY
STARS!

For STARTLING
SUPERNATURAL STORIES...

IT'S THE Terrific Trio!

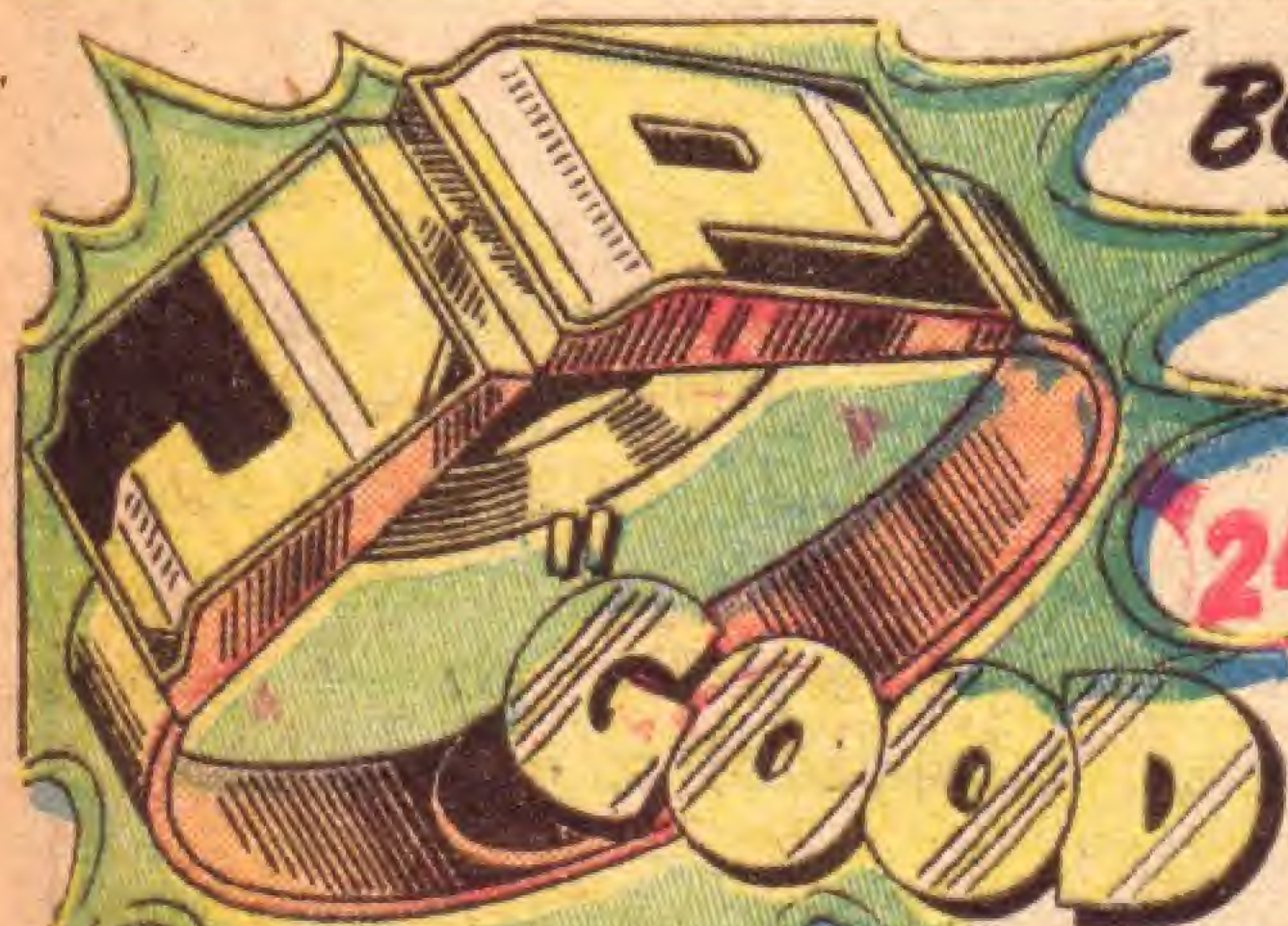
Not one, but **THREE** great
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ADVENTURES INTO THE
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**FORBIDDEN
WORLDS**
EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

OUT OF *the*
NIGHT



BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!

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With **YOUR OWN INITIALS!**

BIG!
AMAZING VALUE!
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GLEAMING

EASY TO GET! LUCKY TO WEAR!

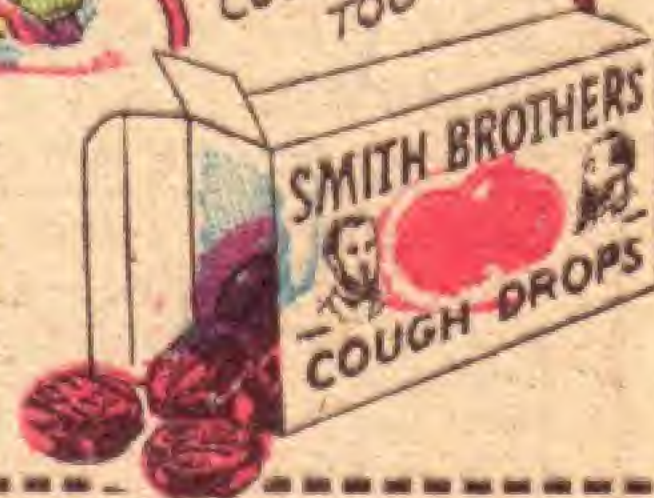
Yes, it's lucky to wear a ring with your own
initials! And everyone will ask, "Where did
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REUNION

THE DOCTOR LEFT and the nurse sat down. Jeff closed his eyes. He felt the nurse's fingers on his wrist as she took his pulse again. Everybody seemed astonished that he had lived this long. But he wasn't going to die until Judy came. And she was coming. They had shown him her telegram in reply to his! *TAKING PLANE. ARRIVE EIGHT TONIGHT. LOVE, JUDY.*

Yet that *LOVE, JUDY!* She hadn't had to put that in. Perhaps she, too, felt the way he did...that their divorce had been a big mistake. Not that it mattered now. And yet, it did. With Judy beside him, he wouldn't mind anything...even dying.

Jeff opened his eyes. "What's the time, nurse?"

"Five o'clock...Please don't talk."

Judy's plane was scheduled to land at eight. Three more hours to wait. Three more hours to push back the black shadows.

They had drugged him and he lay relaxed, sleeping a little, then awakening. Six o'clock passed. Then seven. He managed to keep his eyes on the clock on the night table. He watched the big hand dip down past seven-

thirty and commence to climb up the dial. At eight o'clock, his gaze went to the door and stayed there. It would be only a short time now, perhaps fifteen minutes, before Judy would arrive.

At that moment he was amazed to see Judy come rushing through the doorway. She was early! She came toward him, arms outstretched.

"Judy!" Jeff said.

Then she was in his arms and her lips were on his. "Jeff, darling," she said. "We're together again...forever!"

Outside in the hall, the tall nurse spoke to the doctor. "It was too bad he couldn't get his wish," she said. "It was too bad he died before she arriving on that eight o'clock plane from Kansas City."

The doctor's face was grave. "Perhaps it's just as well he died when he did," he said. "For she *couldn't* have come. I just got a report that the Kansas City plane crashed on landing. Everybody aboard was killed. It happened at exactly *eight o'clock!*"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published monthly at Buffalo, N. Y., for October 1st, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Best Syndicated Features, Inc., Sparta, Ill.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None.; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given. Best Syndicated Features, Inc., Sparta, Ill.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81 Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)

THE FACE WAS BAD ENOUGH-- STARING LIKE THE EMBODIMENT OF EVIL FROM THE GLASS SPHERE THAT HAD KEPT IT IMPRISONED FOR CENTURIES! THE FIENDS WHO AWAITED ITS SUMMONS WERE EVEN WORSE-- THEIR GRAVE-BOUND BODIES BLIGHTING THE GROUND WITH A TERRIFYING GLOW! BUT **NEITHER** OF THESE COULD MATCH THE RAW HORROR OF THE THINGS THAT GROPE IN THE SHADOWS-- THINGS WITH CLUTCHING FINGERS HOLDING A WARNING OF DOOM--

The HANDS of DARKNESS



AS A POWERFUL NEW JET PLANE NEARS THE END OF A TRIAL RUN ACROSS THE ATLANTIC--

I USED TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR BEING A TEST PILOT, CLIFF-- BUT NOW THAT I'M MAKING MY FIRST HOP-- I THINK IT'S FUN!

SOME JOB, HUH? JUST FIVE HOURS OUT OF NEW YORK-- AND WE'RE WITHIN SIGHT OF THE ENGLISH COAST!

SUDDENLY--

GOOD HEAVENS, CLIFF-- WHAT'S WRONG?

FUEL'S FLOODING THE COMBUSTION CHAMBER-- PRODUCING A FLAME HOT ENOUGH TO MELT THE JET OUTLET! I'LL HAVE TO CUT THE POWER, GAIL AND BRING HER DOWN ON THE BEACH!

SECONDS LATER-- ON THE FORBID-
DING CORNWALL COAST--



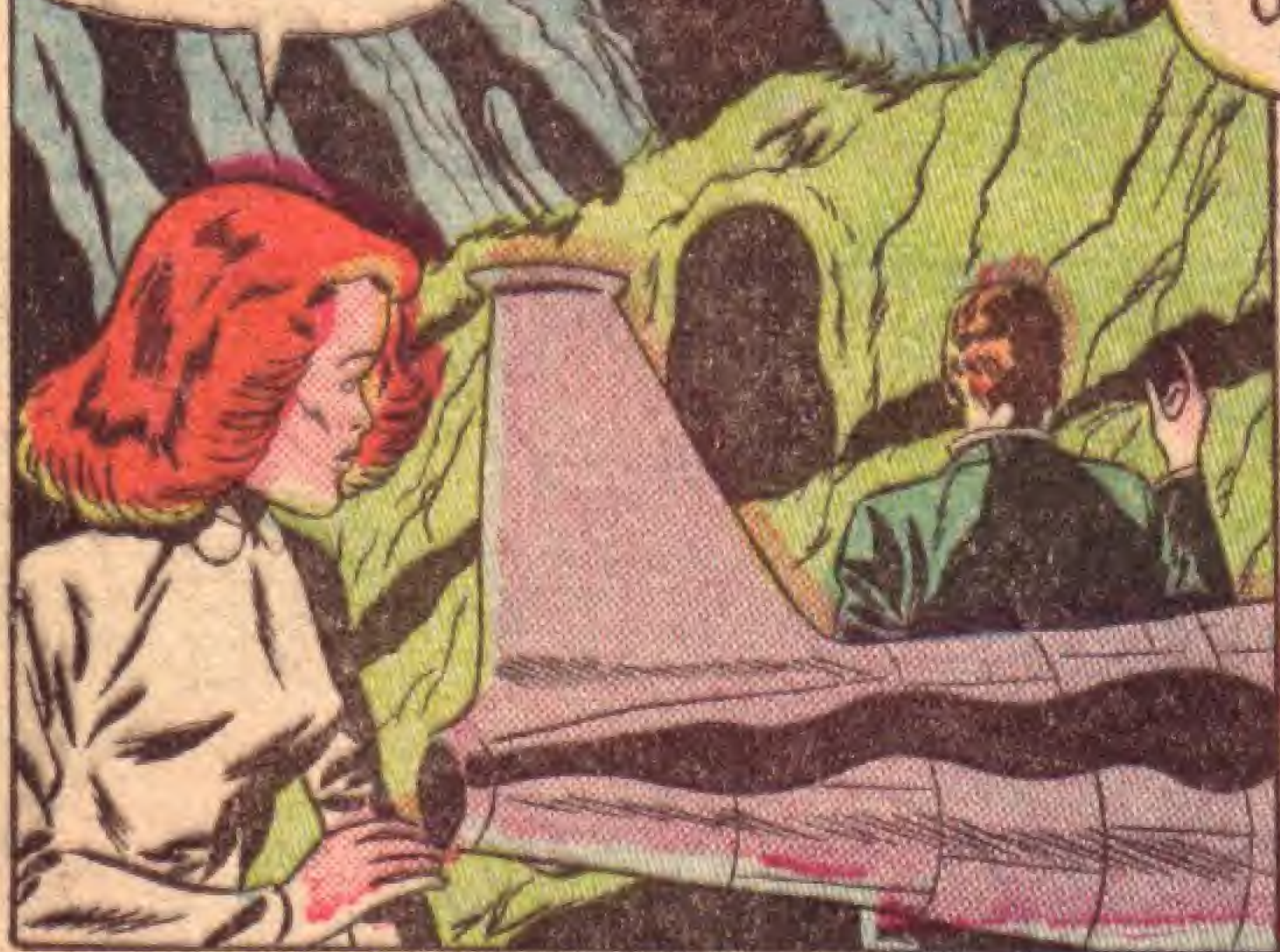
IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO BE STRANDED IN A GRIM PLACE LIKE THIS-- BUT I HOPE WE WON'T HAVE TO TAKE SHELTER IN THAT CAVE!

BABY, WE'RE GOING TO CAMP OUT IN STYLE! SEE THAT OLD CASTLE UP THERE?

AS DUSK SETTLES OVER THE DARK AND MOSSY TOWERS--

GLOOMY OLD HEAP-- BUT IT CERTAINLY WITHSTOOD THE RAVAGES OF TIME, GAIL!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M WONDERING ABOUT! OLD CASTLES IN GOOD CONDITION ARE HARD TO FIND-- WHY ISN'T SOMEONE LIVING IN IT?



LOCKED, EH? GUESS WE DON'T GET IN, CLIFF-- AND IT'S A WEIGHT OFF MY MIND!

HATE TO SAY THIS-- BUT TO ME, AN OPEN TRANSMOM'S THE NEXT BEST THING TO A DOOR!

CLIFF-- I WISH YOU WOULDN'T! I'VE GOT A FEELING SOMETHING'S TRYING TO KEEP US OUT!

HOLY COW! WHY DO PEOPLE THINK OF **GHOSTS** THE MINUTE THEY SEE AN OLD CASTLE?

A STRANGE GLOW GLIDES FROM THE DEPTHS OF DARKNESS-- AND AS IT COMES CLOSER--

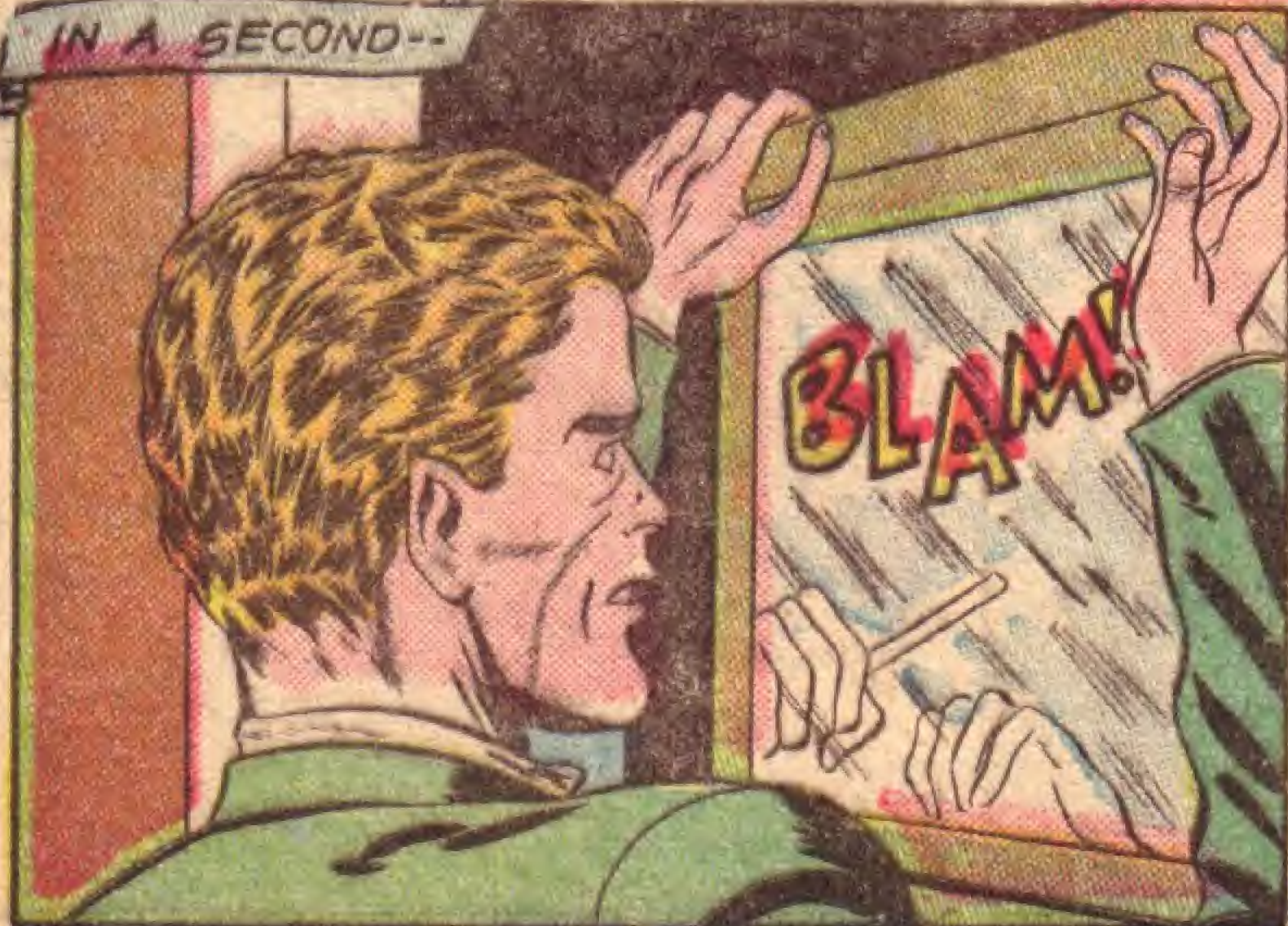


YE GODS-- I WOULD SHOOT OFF MY BIG MOUTH!

I **KNEW** THIS PLACE WAS BEST LEFT ALONE! PLEASE, CLIFF-- LET'S GET BACK TO THE PLANE!

FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, THERE'S NEVER A SPECTRAL MANIFESTATION WITHOUT A REASON-- AND I'M GOING TO LEARN WHAT'S BEHIND THIS ONE!

IN A SECOND--





IF I EVER FELT ANYTHING, CLIFF-- IT'S THE ANCIENT AND SINISTER PRESENCE LURKING AROUND HERE!

DARKNESS HAS THAT EFFECT ANYWHERE, HONEY-- YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER I GET A FIRE GOING!

CRASH!



AFTER ALL-- THERE'S NO REASON TO THINK THOSE GHOSTLY HANDS ARE EVIL!

GOOD HEAVENS-- HERE THEY COME AGAIN!



CLIFF-- THEY'VE GOT ME-- I CAN'T BREAK AWAY!



GREAT GUNS! THOSE MONSTROUS THINGS ARE CLUTCHING GAIL AS IF SHE WERE PREY!

STOP THEM, CLIFF-- DON'T LET THEM GET ME!



OH!



GOOD LORD-- I'M TOO LATE! SHE'S LOCKED INSIDE!

SLAM!

INSIDE THE MUSTY CHAMBER--
OVERHUNG WITH AN ATMO-
SPHERE OF DREAD--

MINUTES LATER-- ON THE
WINDSWEPT PARAPET--

A MOMENT LATER--

GET ME OUT, CLIFF-- I CAN'T
STAND BEING HERE
ALONE!
HONEY-- TRY TO KEEP CALM!
THOSE HANDS HAVE DIS-
APPEARED WITH THE KEY!
-- BUT I'M SURE I
CAN FIND ANOTHER
WAY!

THIS TAPESTRY ROPE IS
PRETTY ANCIENT-- BUT I
GUESS IT'LL BE STRONG
ENOUGH! GAIL MIGHT BE
FACING ANYTHING--
AND I CAN'T
STOP TO THINK
OF RISKS!

GAIL, I'M
RIGHT
OUTSIDE--
PUSH THE
WINDOW
OPEN!

I CAN'T,
CLIFF-- IT'S
WARPED
SHUT!

BABY-- THAT'S
NOT STOPPING
ME!

CLIFF-- WE'RE A
HUNDRED FEET
UP! HOW CAN I
CLIMB THE ROPE
WITH A DROP
LIKE THAT
YAWNING
BELOW
US?

COME ON, GAIL-- IT'LL BE
A LOT EASIER THAN
STAYING HERE!

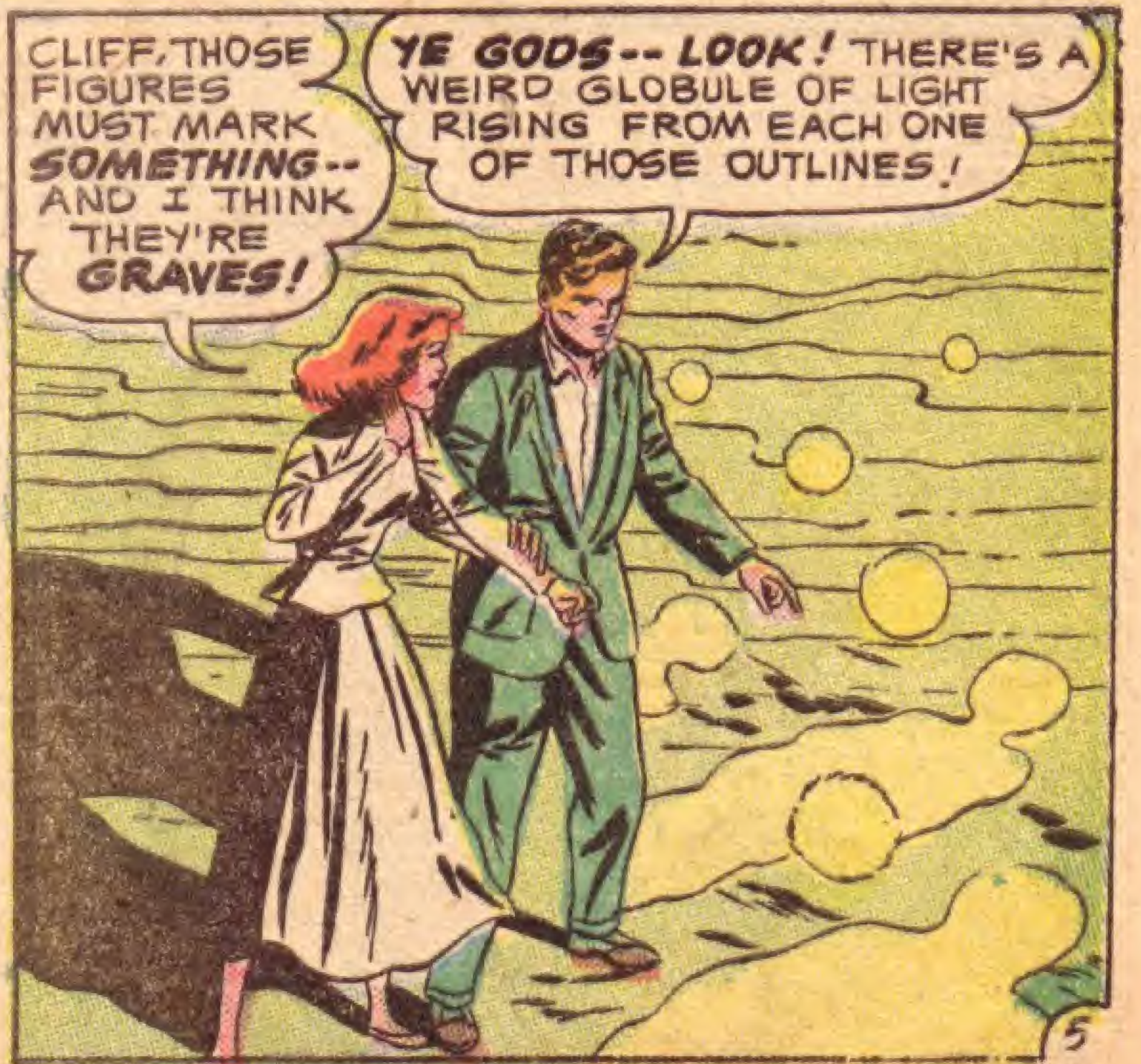
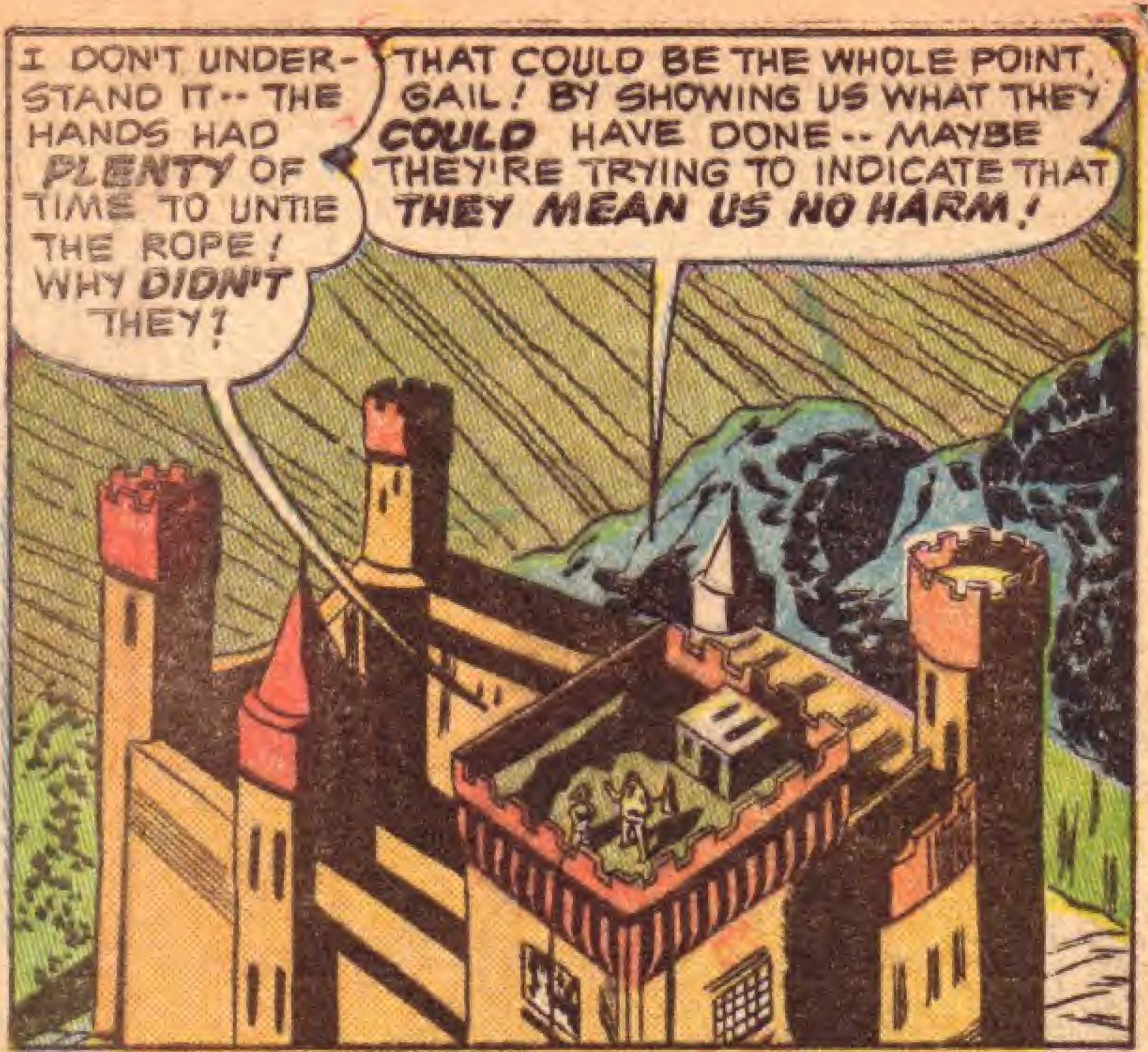
CRASH!

HOW ABOUT IT,
HONEY-- DIDN'T
I SAY IT'D
BE EASY?

CLIFF-- THE HANDS!
LOOK AT THEM--
RIGHT BESIDE
THE ROPE!

THEY'RE GOING
TO UNTIE THE
KNOT, CLIFF!
I'M FEELING
FAINT-- I
CAN'T
HOLD
ON!

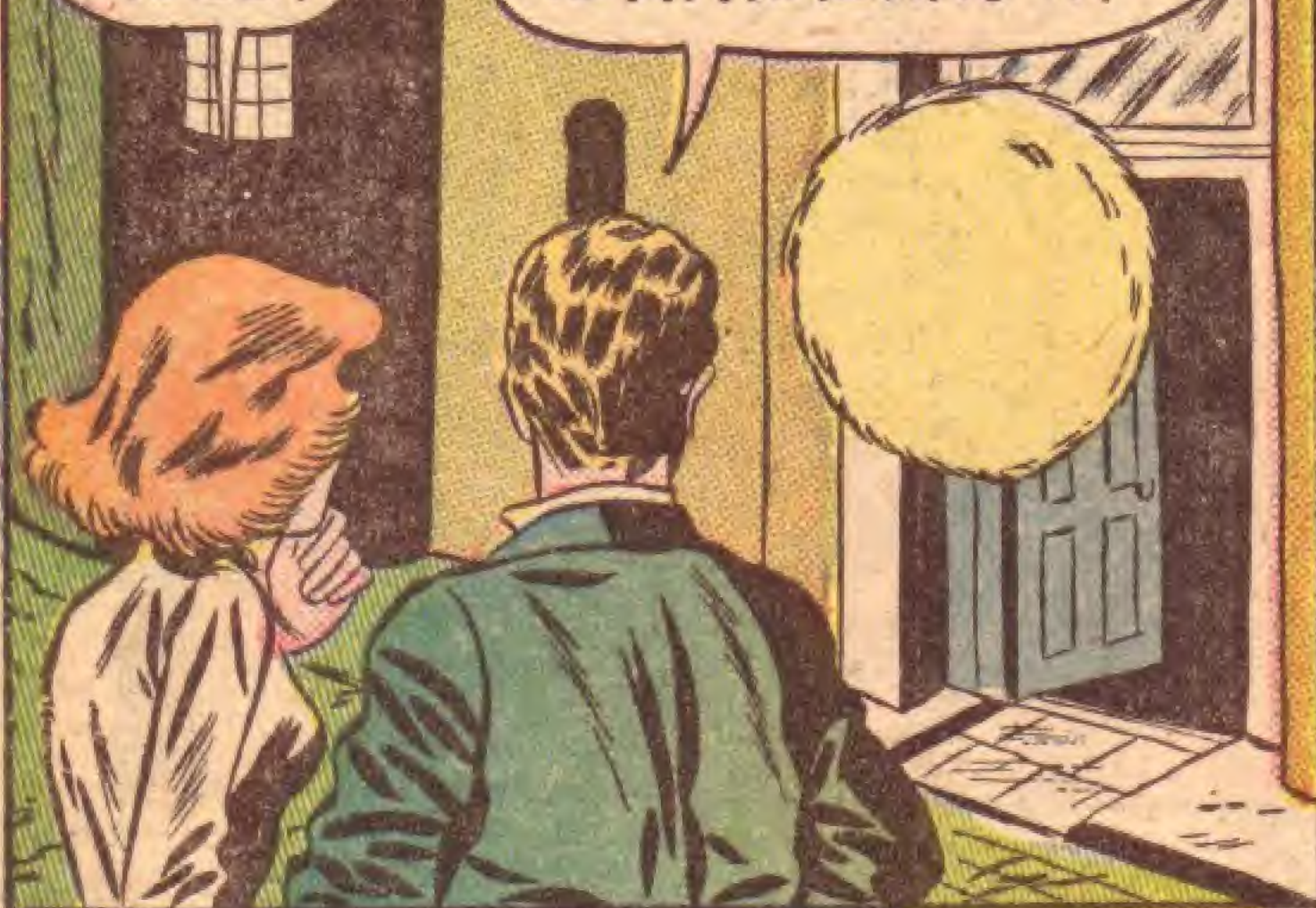
TAKE IT EASY, GAIL-- IT'S JUST
A FEW MORE YARDS! IF
WE'RE FAST ENOUGH--
WE CAN MAKE IT!



FOR AN INSTANT, THE EERIE SPHERES WHIRL IN THE MURKY GLOOM-- AND THEN--

GOOD HEAVENS-- THEY'VE FUSED INTO A SINGLE GLOWING MASS!

YEP-- AND HOVERING TOWARD THE CASTLE! I CAN'T GUESS WHAT THAT LIGHT MEANS, GAIL-- BUT SOMETHING INSIDE IS **ATTRACTING** IT!



SOMETHING LIKE THIS IS A CHALLENGE TO ME, HONEY-- BUT AFTER WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH **ALREADY**-- MAYBE WE'D BETTER NOT GET TOO INQUISITIVE!

NO, CLIFF! IT'LL BE BETTER TO FIND OUT THE SECRET OF THE CASTLE-- RATHER THAN BE HAUNTED BY DOUBT FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!



SOON AFTERWARD-- DEEP INSIDE THE CASTLE--

NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, CLIFF-- **IT WANTS TO GET INTO THAT CHAMBER!**

THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO GUESS WHAT'S INSIDE! IT MAY BE THE VERY THING THE HANDS TRIED TO WARN US ABOUT-- BUT **LET'S FIND OUT!**



THAT'S WHAT THE LIGHT WAS TRYING TO REACH, CLIFF-- BUT WHAT IS IT?

STRANGE! IT SEEMS TO BE **GLASS**-- AND I'LL SWEAR THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN IT!



IT'S A **FACE**, GAIL! YE GODS-- IF EVER STARK EVIL COULD TAKE SHAPE-- **THIS IS IT!**



SUDDENLY--

CLIFF-- THE HANDS!

KEEP CALM-- THERE'S NO NEED TO FEAR **THEM!**





NO--NO--
I DON'T
WANT
THEM
TOUCHING
ME!

GAIL--WATCH
THE TABLE!



HA-HA! **THIS** IS WHAT
THE HANDS TRIED TO
PREVENT!

CRASH!



TRYING
TO KEEP
US FROM
GETTING
OUT, EH?
**WHO ARE
YOU?**

FIVE CENTURIES AGO, I WAS A
WIZARD-- ABLE TO CALL FORTH
FIENDS THAT TERRORIZED
THE COUNTRYSIDE! ONLY ONE
MAN COULD DEVISE A
COUNTERCHARM-- **THE
SCIENTIST WHO OWNED
THIS CASTLE!**



MY FIENDS AND I ENDED THAT THREAT THE
NIGHT WE KILLED HIM-- CUTTING OFF HIS
HANDS SO THAT NOT EVEN HIS **GHOST**
COULD PREPARE A TALISMAN! BUT HE LEFT
HIS METHOD IN WRITING-- AND WHEN I
DIED-- MY BODY WAS BURNED, AND MY
ASHES SEALED IN **GLASS**! THAT IM-
PRISONED MY SPIRIT-- AND IT
**IMPRISONED MY FIENDS IN THE
UNHOLY GRAVES OVER WHICH
NOTHING WOULD GROW!**



OKAY, CREEP--
NOW IT'S OUR
TURN TO BE ON
THE LOOSE!

Pow



THOSE HANDS COULDN'T **TALK**,
GAIL-- BUT THEY TRIED
JUST ABOUT EVERY OTHER
WAY TO KEEP US FROM
GETTING INTO A SPOT
LIKE THIS!

THE HANDS
WON'T HELP YOU
**NOW-- FLEEING
WON'T HELP YOU--
YOU'RE ON THE
BRINK OF DOOM!**



**FIENDS--
YOUR
EXILE OF
DEATH
IS OVER!
RISE--
AND DO
MY BIDDING!**

CLIFF-- THOSE GLOWING PATCHES
ARE **MOVING! THAT'S WHERE
THEY'RE BURIED-- AND THEY'RE
COMING OUT!**



A MOMENT LATER--

HA! DO THE FOOLS THINK THEY'RE HIDING IN THE CAVE-- WHEN THEIR TRACKS LEAD STRAIGHT TO IT? WE HAVE WAITED AGES FOR VICTIMS, FIENDS-- **GET THEM!**



IMPS OF TOPHET-- THEY'RE **NOT** INSIDE-- IT'S A TRICK!

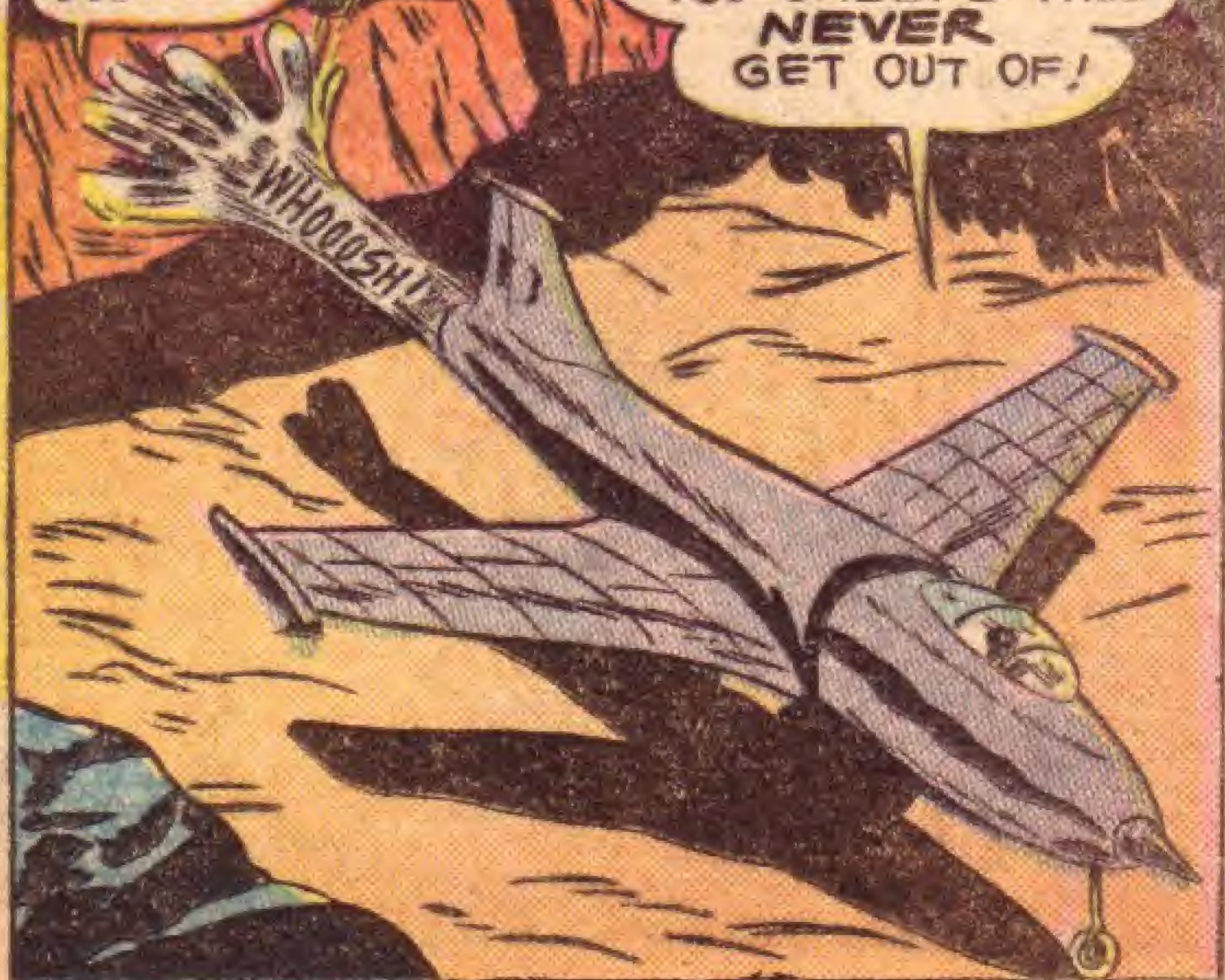
AN INSTANT LATER-- IN A WHITE-HOT SPOUT OF FLAME--

AGHHH!

PLENTY OF HEAT-- PLENTY OF SAND-- AND **THAT** MAKES A GLASS TOMB YOU CREEPS WILL NEVER GET OUT OF!

WHEN I THINK OF WHAT **MIGHT** HAVE HAPPENED, CLIFF-- I COULD ALMOST **KISS** THIS PLANE OF YOURS!

HONEY-- I THINK IT'D BE A LOT MORE INTERESTING IF YOU'D SETTLE FOR THE **PILOT!**



THE END

the WITCHES' BREW



THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE A WITCH RIDING A BROOM ACROSS A MOONLIT SKY, READER, DON'T RUSH OFF TO THE NEAREST PSYCHIATRIST... JUST REMEMBER THIS STORY, AND TRUST THE EVIDENCE OF YOUR SENSES! FOR HERE'S THE STRANGE TALE OF AN UNWITTING ADVENTURE INTO THE FORBIDDEN WORLD OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY... A TALE THAT SHOULD MAKE **YOU** BEWARE OF COOKING UP **THE WITCHES' BREW!**

DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE,
FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE...
FILLET OF A FENNY SNAKE,
IN THE CAULDRON BOIL AND BAKE...

RIDICULOUS...
HA-HA-HA!

OH, HA-HA... I
... I CAN'T HELP
LAUGHING! THIS
WHOLE SCENE FROM
MACBETH IS SO... SO

STOP IT,
HARRIET...
YOU'RE MAKING
US LAUGH!

OH, NOT
AGAIN!
THIS IS
TOO
MUCH...!

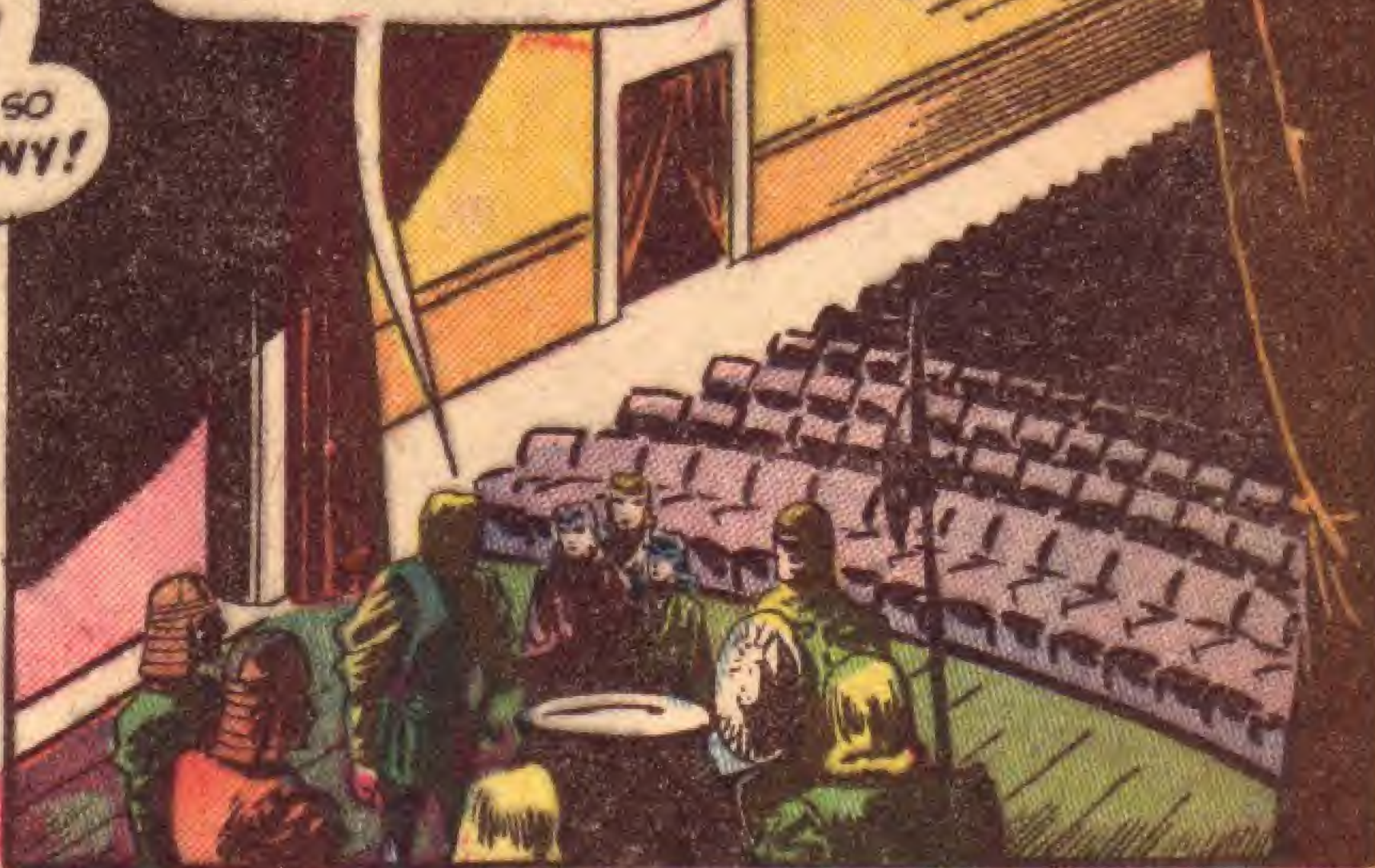


YOU GIRLS HAVE **RUINED** EVERY REHEARSAL WE'VE HAD BY LAUGHING AT THIS SCENE! AND IF YOU CAN'T PLAY THE PARTS OF THE THREE WITCHES WITH THE PROPER DEGREE OF FIENDISH EVIL AND EERIE HORROR NOW, HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO KEEP FROM WRECKING THE WHOLE PLAY TO-MORROW NIGHT... **OPENING NIGHT?**

WE...WE'RE SORRY, JACK...BUT WE JUST CAN'T HELP OURSELVES! WE **KNOW** WE'RE SUPPOSED TO PLAY UP THE HORROR OF THIS SCENE...BUT IT'S ALL SO **FUNNY!**



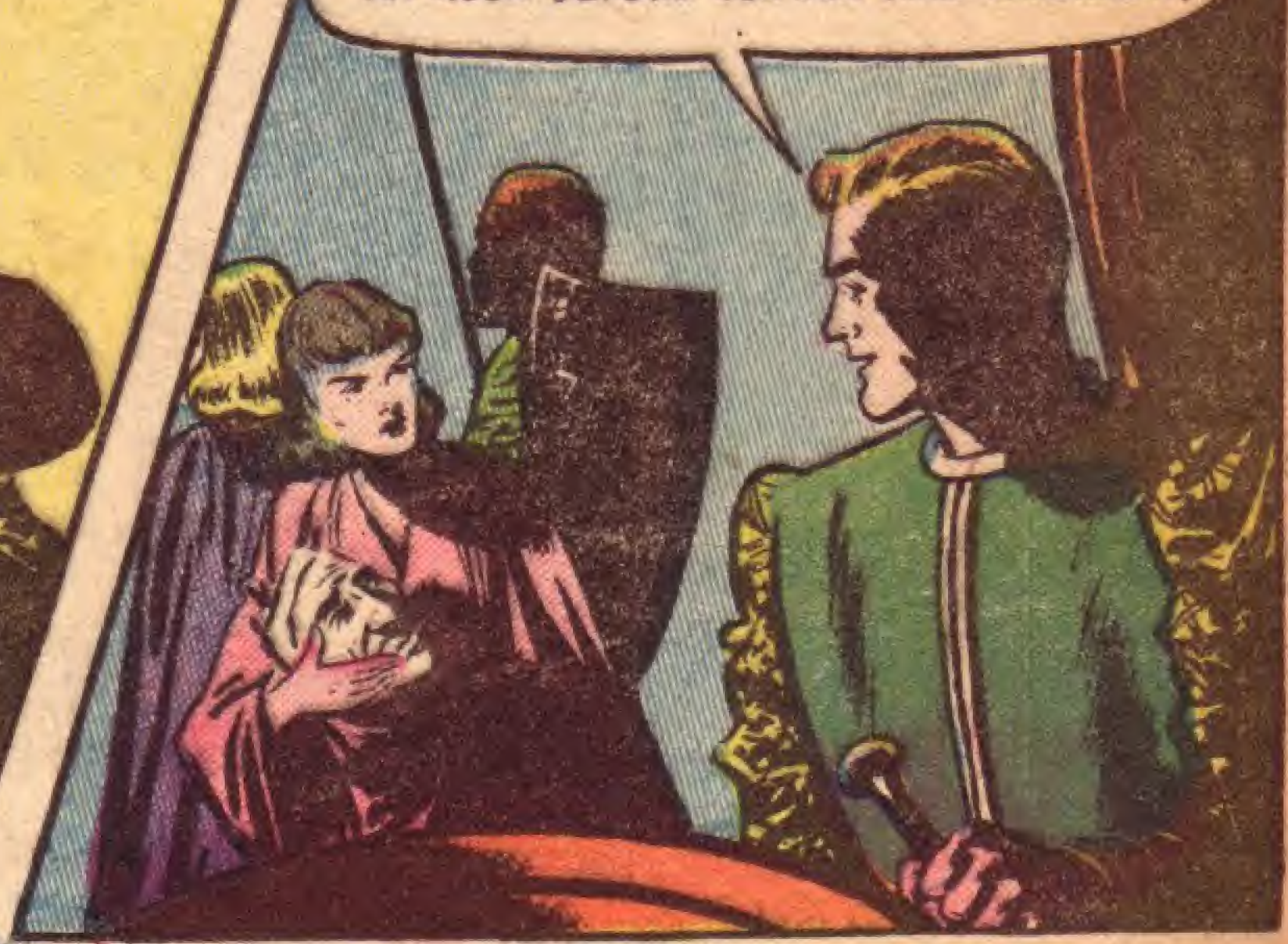
FUNNY?...SHAKESPEARE WOULD TURN OVER IN HIS GRAVE IF HE HEARD THAT! OH, WHY DID I EVER AGREE TO DIRECT MACBETH AND TAKE THE LEADING ROLE...IF YOU GIRLS START LAUGHING TOMORROW NIGHT, **I'LL** BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY! BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO TEACH ANYONE ELSE THE ROLES OF THE THREE WITCHES...SO LISTEN TO ME AGAIN AND **TRY** TO LEARN HOW THE WITCHES' INCANTATION **SHOULD** BE RECITED!



FILLET OF A PENNY SNAKE, IN THE CAULDRON BOIL AND BAKE, EYE OF NEWT AND TOE OF FROG, WOOL OF BAT AND TONGUE OF DOG, ADDER'S FORK AND BLIND WORM'S STING, LIZARDS LEG AND HOWLET'S WING, FOR A CHARM OF POWERFUL TROUBLE ---



WAIT...I JUST GOT AN IDEA! I THINK I KNOW JUST HOW TO GET THE NECESSARY ELEMENTS OF HORROR INTO THE PLAY TOMORROW NIGHT! THE REHEARSAL IS OVER...I'LL SEE YOU ALL HALF AN HOUR BEFORE CURTAIN TIME TOMORROW!



AH, MY RESEARCH INTO SHAKESPEAREAN SOURCE-BOOKS PAID OFF! NOW I KNOW THAT FILLET OF PENNY SNAKE MEANS THE LUNGS OF A SWAMP-SNAKE, THAT ADDER'S FORK IS THE FORKED TONGUE OF AN ADDER, THAT BLIND WORM'S STING IS ACTUALLY THE STING OF A SMALL SNAKE-LIZARD...AND THAT A HOWLET IS SIMPLY A

LITTLE OWL! AND NOW TO HUSTLE DOWN TO THE ANATOMY-BIOLOGY LAB IN THE MEDICAL SCHOOL!



LISTEN, GIL, THIS IS URGENT...HERE'S A LIST OF THINGS I NEED BY TOMORROW NIGHT! CAN YOU GET THEM FOR ME?

CAN DO, JACK! I CAN GET THE INGREDIENTS YOU WANT FROM SPECIMENS IN COLD STORAGE! BUT TELL ME...WHO ARE YOU PLANNING TO **SCARE** WITH THIS GREENISH CONCOCTION?



NEXT NIGHT, BACKSTAGE AT THE MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY THEATRE...

WELL, JACK, WHAT'S YOUR BRIGHT IDEA-- ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE US TEAR-GAS TO KEEP US FROM LAUGHING TONIGHT?

NO, I'M JUST GOING TO GIVE YOU THESE THREE FLASKS TO USE AS TONIGHT'S PROPS! BUT THESE ARE REALLY **AUTHENTIC** PROPS, BECAUSE THEY CONTAIN ALL THE INGREDIENTS SHAKESPEARE MENTIONED IN THE WITCHES' SCENE-- FILLET OF PENNY SNAKE, NEWT'S EYE, FROG'S TOE, BAT'S SKIN, DOG'S TONGUE, ADDER'S FORK--



HE'S RIGHT-- WE'D BETTER GO THROUGH WITH IT, GIRLS!

ALL RIGHT-- LET'S HAVE THOSE NASTY OLD BOTTLES!

THAT'S IT-- JUST KEEP THAT NOTE OF HORROR IN YOUR VOICES WHEN YOU'RE ON-STAGE! AT LEAST I'M SURE THERE WON'T BE ANY LAUGHTER TONIGHT!



HOW **EERIE**... EVEN THE SOUND OF THEIR VOICES SENDS CHILLS UP AND DOWN MY SPINE!

IT SEEMS LIKE AUTHENTIC SORCERY-- AS IF SOMETHING SUPERNATURAL IS ACTUALLY ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

...ADDER'S FORK AND BLIND WORMS STING, LIZARD'S LEG AND HOWLET'S WING...



OH, HOW... HOW HORRIBLE!

TAKE THEM AWAY-- WE WON'T EVEN TOUCH THE DISGUSTING THINGS!

OH, YES, YOU WILL-- YOU WOULDN'T DARE WALK OUT ON THE PLAY NOW!



DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE, FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE, FILLET OF A PENNY SNAKE, IN THE CAULDRON BOIL AND BAKE--



THEN, AS THE LAST WORDS OF THE INCANTATION FADE AWAY--

CR-RAK!





REAL WITCHES...
L...LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE
...FAST!

HELP!



AS THE LAST OF THE PANIC-STRICKEN AUDIENCE FLEES
FROM THE THEATRE...

WHO...OR...
OR **WHAT** IN
THE DEVIL'S
NAME ARE
YOU?

HEH-HEH...WE ARE THE WITCHES
YE SUMMONED UP BY MEANS
OF THE INCANTATION...AND
THE DEVILISH POTION YE
BREWED!

AYE...THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME SINCE BILL
SHAKESPEARE PENNED
THOSE LINES THAT
ANYONE EVER ACT-
UALLY **USED** THOSE
INGREDIENTS!

HEH-HEH...**HE**
KNEW THE MAGIC
FORMULA, BECAUSE
HE SOLD HIS SOUL
TO SATAN IN ORDER
TO BECOME THE
GREATEST POET AND
DRAMATIST OF THE
AGES!

BUT NOW AT LAST WE'RE
FREE TO ROAM THE
EARTH...**AND WREAK
EVIL FOR EVIL'S
SAKE!**

YOU **FIENDS!** I MAY HAVE RELEASED YOU UN-
WITTINGLY, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF
HERE TO WREAK YOUR EVIL ON THE WORLD!
**COME ON, GUYS...WE'VE ALL GOT
WEAPONS...LET'S GO ON A REAL
WITCH-HUNT!**

WE'RE RIGHT
BEHIND YOU,
JACK...**AT
'EM, BOYS!**



WHA... THERE...THERE
SEEMS TO BE AN INVISIBLE,
IMPENETRABLE WALL
AROUND THEM!

YEAH...AND
OUR...
WEAPONS
ARE **MELT-
ING!**

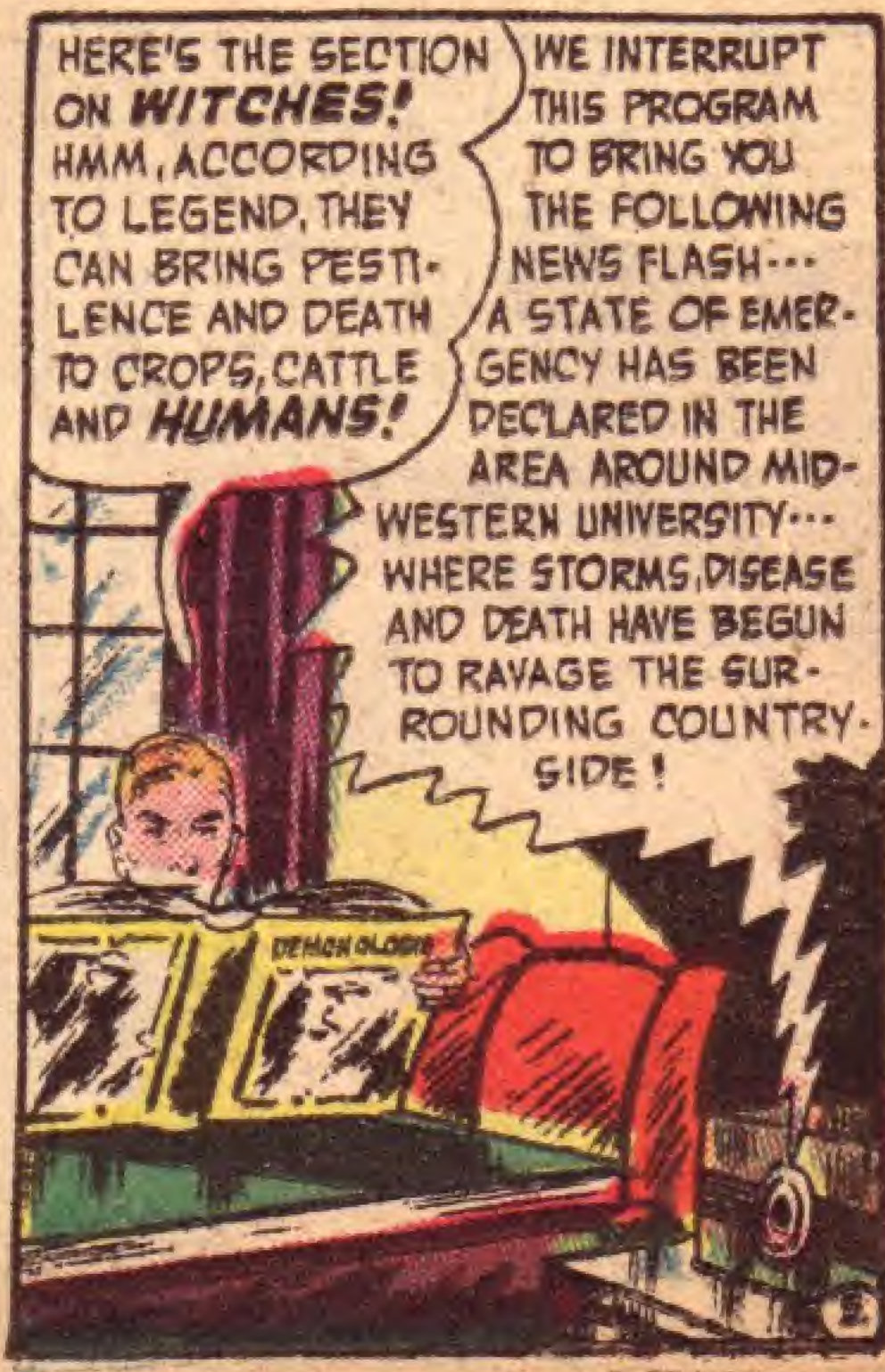
THAT IS JUST A
TASTE OF OUR
WITCHCRAFT!
COME, SISTERS...
MY SIXTH SENSE
TELLS ME WE WILL
FIND **OUR** WEAPONS
IN A CLOSET
NEARBY!



YOU WERE RIGHT,
HECATE!

HEH-HEH...IT'S
BEEN AGES SINCE
I'VE RIDDEN A
BROOMSTICK!





I... I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME MEANS OF DESTROYING THEM... BEFORE THEY DESTROY THE WHOLE COUNTRY! WAIT... THIS... THIS MAY BE IT!

The antidote for
witches' brew is
made of *cicuta*
virosa, *potentilla*
palustris & *circae*
in the following
proportions...

PROFESSOR HANSCOMBE?
THIS IS JACK MORRISEY, OF
YOUR ADVANCED BOTANY
CLASS! LISTEN, PROFESSOR,
YOU'VE GOT TO MEET ME AT
THE BOTANICAL GREENHOUSE
RIGHT AWAY... IT'S DEADLY
SERIOUS!

WHAT? YOU MUST BE
MAD, YOUNG MAN! I'LL
BE DOWN THERE, ALL
RIGHT... BUT JUST TO
SEE THAT YOU'RE TAUGHT
A LESSON FOR DISTURB-
ING DECENT PEOPLE
THIS TIME OF
NIGHT!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS, PRO-
FESSOR! JUST TELL ME QUICKLY
WHETHER THE GREENHOUSE CON-
TAINS THE PLANTS KNOWN AS
CICUTA VIROSA, *POTENTILLA*
PALUGTRIS, AND *CIRCAE*!

WHY... WHY, YES... THOSE
ARE THE LATIN TERMS
FOR WATER-HEMLOCK,
MARSH CINQUEFOIL, AND
ENCHANTER'S NIGHT-
SHADE! BUT... BUT WHAT
... WHY... ?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER...
RIGHT NOW I WANT
THOSE PLANTS...
FAST!

HE... HE'S PROBABLY
DANGEROUS... I'D
BETTER HUMOR
HIM!

ALL RIGHT, HERE
ARE THE PLANTS
YOU WANTED!

AH, I WAS RIGHT
WHEN I SENSED
DANGER EMANAT-
ING FROM THIS
LOCALITY! WE
MUST ACT...
QUICKLY!

HARRIET! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE... AND WHY
THAT GETUP?

JACK...
DARLING!
I... I HAD TO
COME TO YOU...

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'VE HAD A
CRUSH ON YOU FOR MONTHS, BUT YOU
NEVER GAVE ME
A TUMBLE
BEFORE!

DON'T TALK, SWEET-
HEART... JUST PUT
YOUR ARMS AROUND
ME AND **KISS ME!**



COME, MY LOVE---LET'S
GET OUT OF THIS STUFFY
PLACE, GO SOMEPLACE
WHERE WE CAN BE
ALONE---



ALL RIGHT, HARRIET!
I---I CAN'T EVEN
THINK STRAIGHT---
IT'S AS IF I'M
BEWITCHED!

WAIT---**BEWITCHED!** WITCHES HAVE THE
POWER TO CHANGE INTO ANY HUMAN FORM
---AND THAT MAY EXPLAIN THE SUDDEN
CHANGE THAT CAME OVER **YOU!** AND
THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT---WHO
PLAYS FIRST BASE FOR THE DODGERS,
HARRIET?



F---FIRST BASE?D---
DODGERS? WHY SHOULD WE
BOTHR WITH SUCH SILLY
MATTERS, MY LOVE---COME
WITH ME AND---



SILLY? THEN YOU CAN'T BE
HARRIET---BECAUSE THE **REAL**
HARRIET IS A RABID DODGER
FAN! AND THERE COULD ONLY
BE ONE REASON WHY YOU
TRIED TO LURE ME
AWAY---



---YOU WERE
AFRAID I'D USE
THESE AGAINST
YOU!

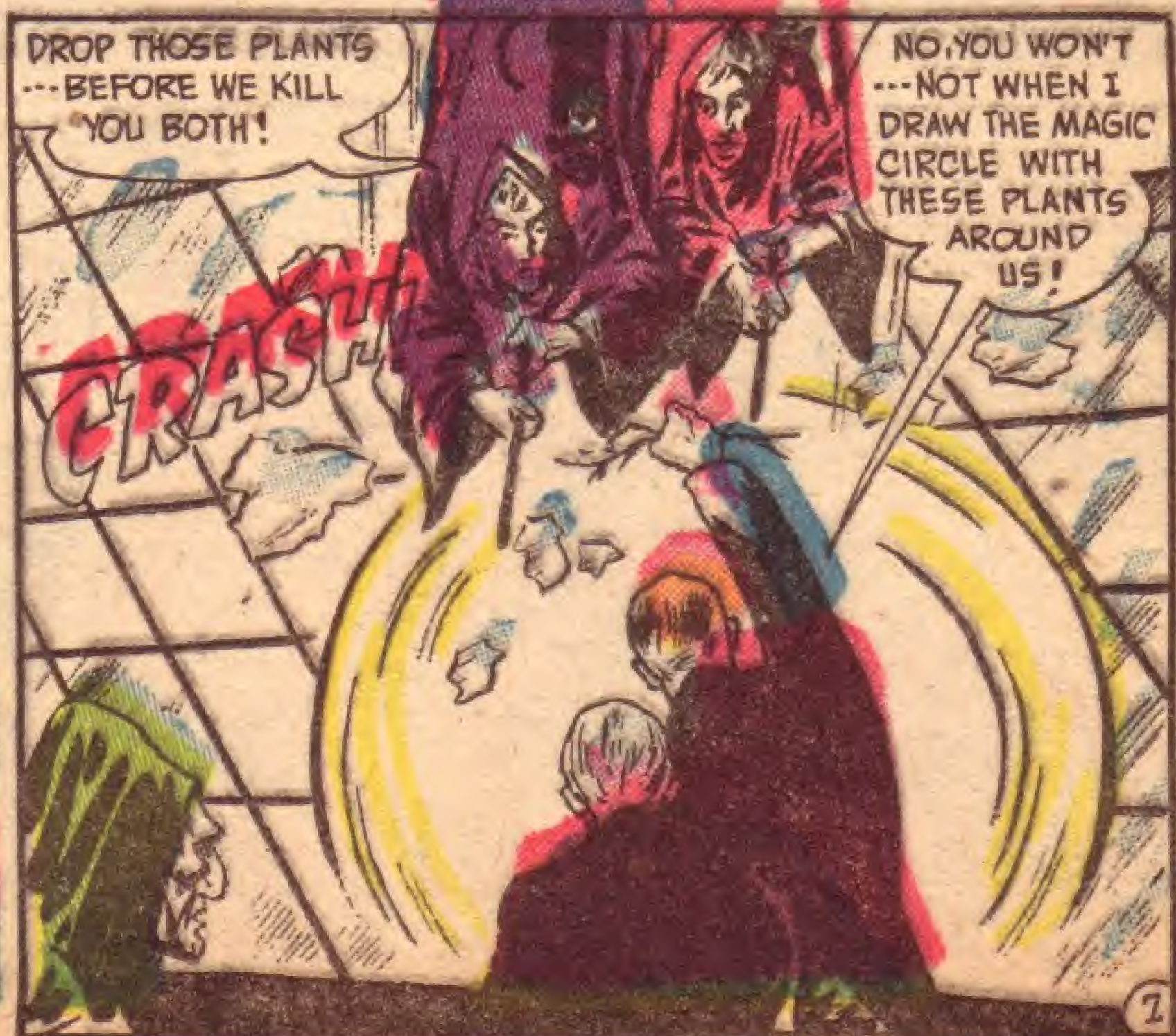
NO---
YAAAGHH!



GREAT SCOTT
---THAT--- THAT
LOVELY GIRL
TURNED INTO
A **WITCH**
WHEN YOU
THRUST THOSE
PLANTS INTO
HER FACE!

YES, IT'S A
POWERFUL
CHARM AGAINST
WITCHES---SO
YOU'D BETTER
STICK CLOSE TO
ME, PROFESSOR!

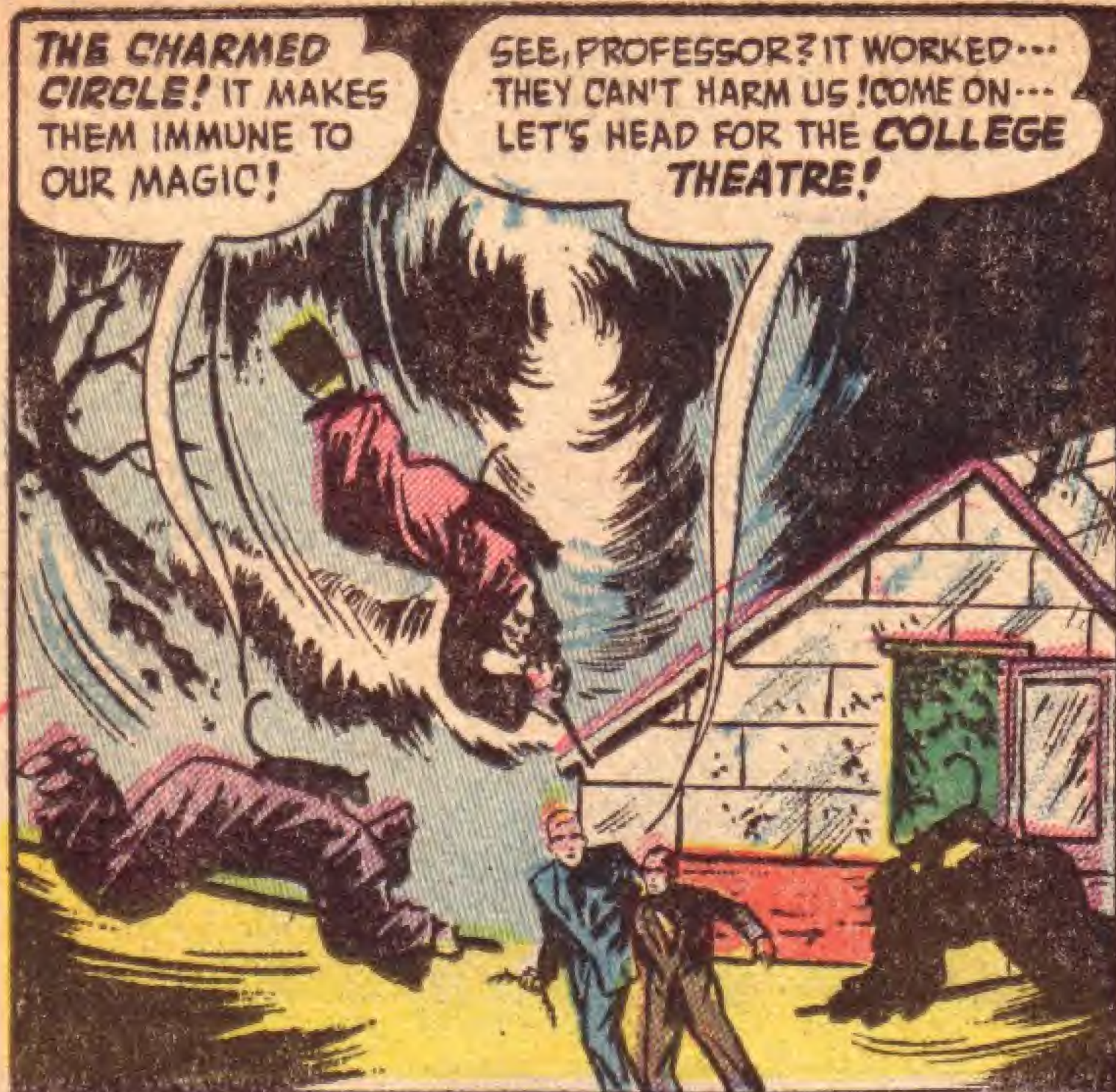
I FAILED!
---**COME,**
HECATE
---**LILITH---**



DROP THOSE PLANTS
---BEFORE WE KILL
YOU BOTH!

NO, YOU WON'T
---NOT WHEN I
DRAW THE MAGIC
CIRCLE WITH
THESE PLANTS
AROUND
US!

CRASH!



THE CHARMED CIRCLE! IT MAKES THEM IMMUNE TO OUR MAGIC!

SEE, PROFESSOR? IT WORKED... THEY CAN'T HARM US! COME ON... LET'S HEAD FOR THE COLLEGE THEATRE!



MINUTES LATER...

THE INGREDIENTS THAT SUMMONED THOSE WITCHES ARE STILL HERE! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DROP THE CORRECT PROPORTIONS OF THE ANTIDOTE INTO THE CAULDRON, AND THE WITCHES' BREW WILL BE NEUTRALIZED... SENDING THEM BACK INTO THE LIMBO OF NOTHINGNESS!

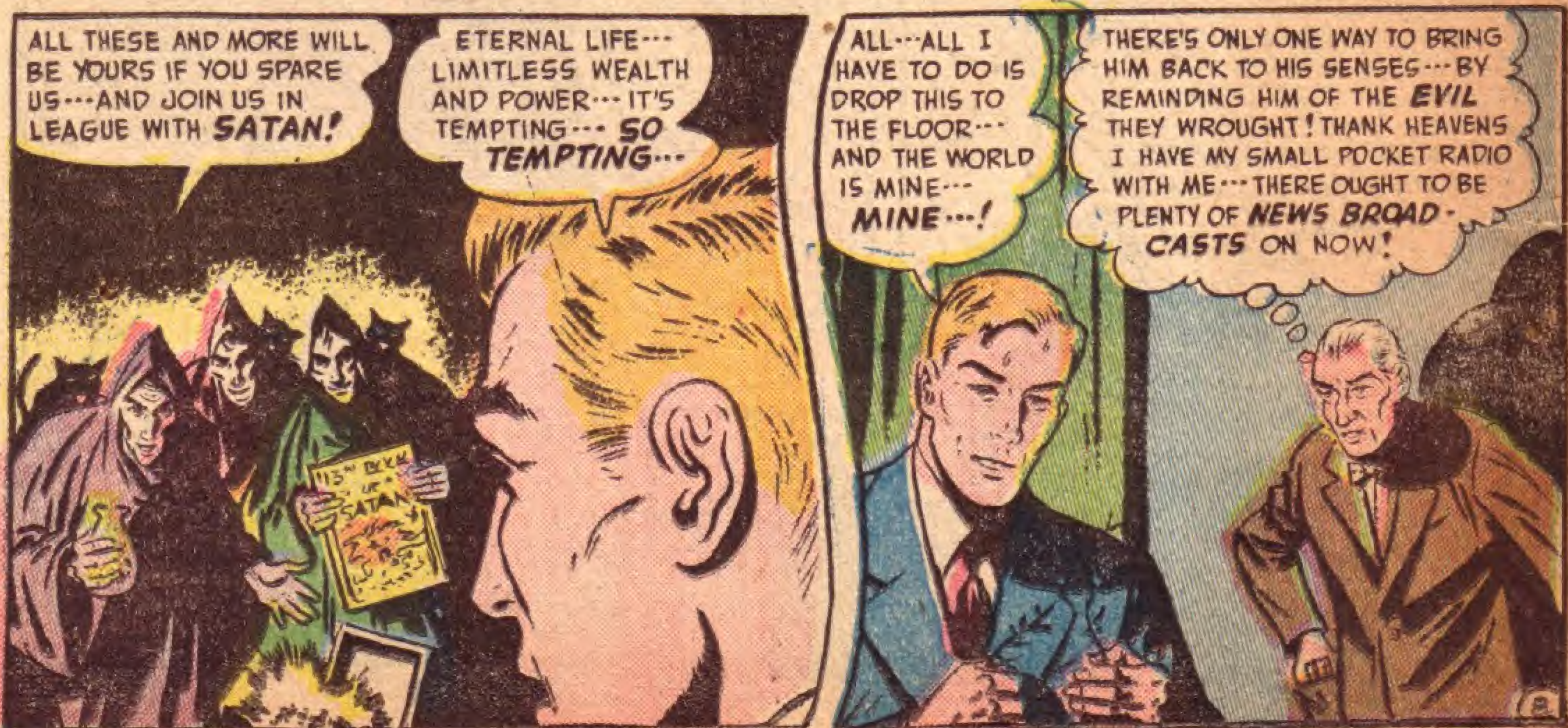
NO... DON'T! SPARE US, AND WE'LL GRANT ANY WISH YOU NAME!



HERE IS THE ELIXIR OF LIFE! ONE SIP... AND YOU LIVE FOREVER!

HERE IS A SORCERER'S RANSOM... A FORTUNE IN THE RAREST, MOST PERFECT GEMS!

AND HERE IS THE 13TH BOOK OF SATAN... ONCE YOU READ ITS SECRETS, ALL OF MANKIND WILL BE YOUR SLAVES!



ALL THESE AND MORE WILL BE YOURS IF YOU SPARE US... AND JOIN US IN LEAGUE WITH SATAN!

ETERNAL LIFE... LIMITLESS WEALTH AND POWER... IT'S TEMPTING... SO TEMPTING...

ALL... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DROP THIS TO THE FLOOR... AND THE WORLD IS MINE... MINE...!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO BRING HIM BACK TO HIS SENSES... BY REMINDING HIM OF THE EVIL THEY WROUGHT! THANK HEAVENS I HAVE MY SMALL POCKET RADIO WITH ME... THERE OUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF NEWS BROADCASTS ON NOW!

... THE TOLL IS MOUNTING IN THE STRANGE SERIES OF DEATHS AND EPIDEMICS IN THE AREA AROUND MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY! THERE HAVE BEEN NO NEW OUTBREAKS WITHIN THE LAST HALF HOUR... BUT IT IS FEARED THAT THIS IS ONLY A BREATHING SPELL FOR EVEN MORE TERRIBLE EVIL TO COME!

GREAT SCOTT... I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE EVIL THESE FIENDS WROUGHT! THANKS FOR REMINDING ME, PROF... **...AND FOR KEEPING ME FROM JOINING THEM!**

I'D BETTER START DIVIDING THESE PLANTS INTO THE CORRECT PROPORTIONS AND DROP THEM INTO THE WITCHES' BREW FAST... BEFORE THESE DEMONS TRY ANY **MORE** OF THEIR WITCHCRAFT ON ME!

ONLY ONE CAN HELP US NOW... **...THE MASTER OF EVIL... SATAN HIMSELF!**



COME, O SATAN, O PRINCE OF DARKNESS...

HURRY, JACK... SATAN IS STARTING TO MATERIALIZE!

DON'T WORRY... THERE GO THE PLANTS! THEY'LL DROP INTO THE CAULDRON BEFORE THE WITCHES CAN FINISH THEIR INCANTATION... SO SATAN WILL NEVER FULLY MATERIALIZE, AND HE'LL VANISH JUST AS THE WITCHES WILL!



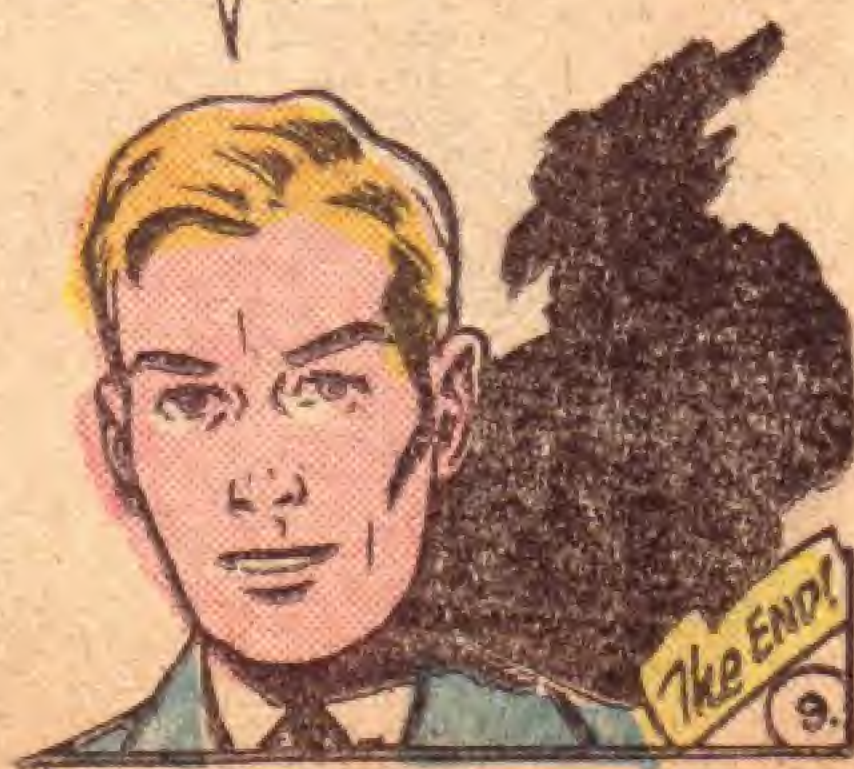
YAAAGHHH!

LOOK... THEY'RE BEGINNING TO **DISINTEGRATE!**

THEY'RE **GONE!** AND NOW... FORGIVE ME FOR EVER HAVING THOUGHT YOU WERE MAD, JACK!

THE WHOLE WORLD MIGHT THINK US MAD IF WE EVER TRIED TO TELL WHAT **REALLY** HAPPENED HERE TONIGHT! BUT WE'VE GOT TO RISK THAT... BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH THE WITCHES ARE GONE NOW, SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT GET THE BRIGHT IDEA OF USING SHAKESPEARE'S CORRECT INGREDIENTS WHILE RECITING THE WITCHES' CHANT IN MACBETH... AND THAT WOULD ONLY SUMMON THOSE FIENDS UP FROM THE BEYOND AGAIN!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO AVOID THAT... WE'VE GOT TO GET THE WHOLE STORY PRINTED IN A WIDELY-READ MAGAZINE! THAT WILL SERVE AS A WARNING TO EVERYONE IN THE WORLD! AND I KNOW JUST THE MAGAZINE THAT WOULD HAVE THE COURAGE TO PRINT THE STORY... **ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!**



The End!

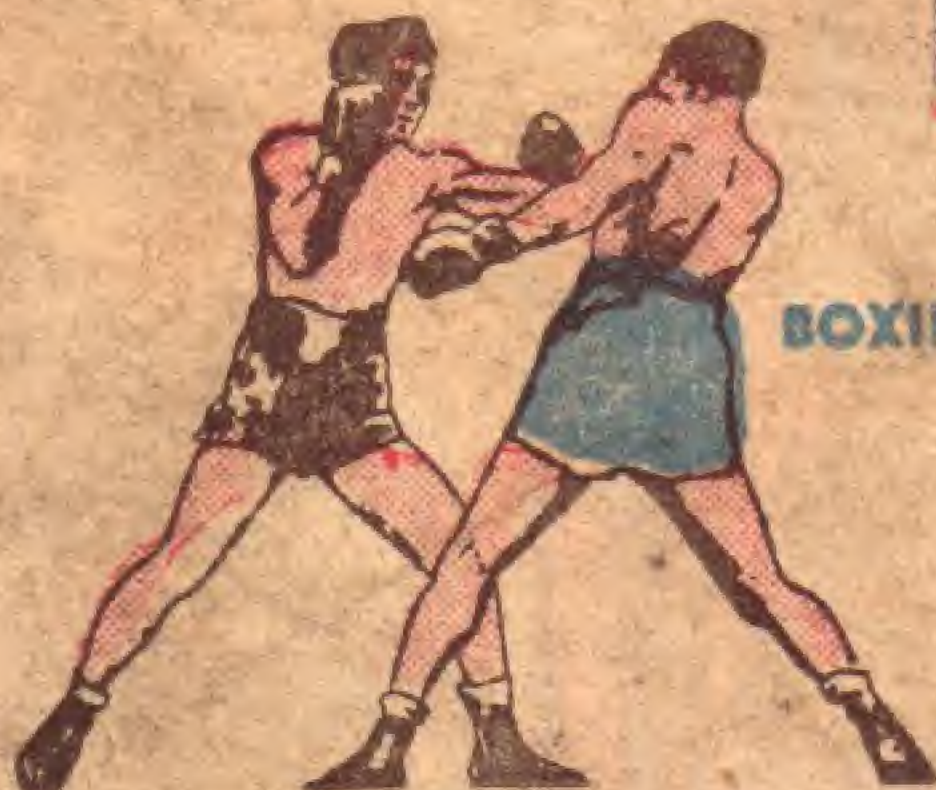
Be the
MASTER
not the slave!
Defend



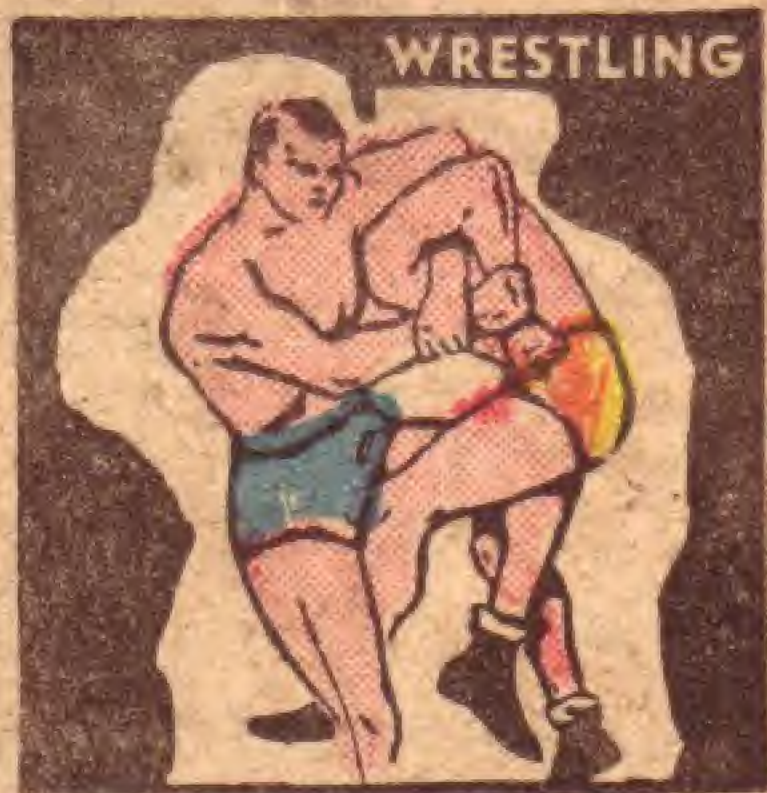
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Adventures into the Unknown #29

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52 pages Cover Credits: Ken Bald (Pencils, Inks)

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3. The Mark of the Monster - Edvard Moritz (Pencils, Inks)
4. The Hands of Darkness
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